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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Revolt of the Vegetable

IT was all the result of having spent an evening pondering Mr. I. A. Richards's indubitably lucid and stimulating essay upon "Science and Poetry." He ends, you know, rather terrifyingly:

> It is very probable that the Hindenburg Line to which the defence of our traditions retired as a result of the onslaughts of the last century will be blown up in the near future. If this should happen a mental chaos such as man has never experienced may be expected. We shall then be thrown back, as Matthew Arnold foresaw, upon poetry. It is capable of saving us; it is a perfectly possible means of overcoming chaos.

But we hadn't been able to discover that Mr. Richards thought the poets of today were doing very well or that there were many living ones capable of saving us, except, perhaps, Mr. Hardy. Mr. Yeats, Mr. De la Mare, and even Mr. D. H. Lawrence had all gone wrong. And Mr. Richards said that poetry was capable of saving us in a fashion which we might characterize as austere. We saw his stern eye fixing us from the rostrum. We shifted and wiggled in our seat. Things were going to blow up and—well, he *had* implied that most of us give to poetry's "pseudo-statements," "the kind of unqualified acceptance which belongs by right only to certified scientific statements," but he had also recognized the fact that "it is never what a poem *says* which matters, but what it *is*." Still, poetry wasn't *being* what he thought it ought to be considering what Matthew Arnold had said and considering this explosion and chaos that was going to happen. So,—perhaps it was because we had been out gardening all afternoon and were tired, or because we were pondering too deeply for our intellect to stand the strain. (*"The average educated man is growing more conscious,"* says Mr. Richards in italics,—but *we* weren't.) Anyway, we fell asleep; and, suddenly, in our sleep, a Voice began singing,

Up a thin incline like a silver wire
I wheel my wheelbarrow filled with cabbages;
Fresh green, bathed in frosty fire.

The sky is black but the stars are bright.
I wheel my wheelbarrow all the night.

Up a bright incline like a golden wire
I wheel my wheelbarrow filled with radishes;
Crimson, gilded with garish fire.

The clouds are curds and the sky is whey.
I wheel my wheelbarrow all the day.

No, we haven't become a Hermetist, like Mr. Yeats, or retired into black velvet curtains! We simply heard that song "in the mind's ear." (There's a footnote in Mr. Richards's little book that says that "The view of the mind-body problem . . . is defended and maintained with references to the contemporary authorities" in Mr. C. K. Ogden's "The Meaning of Psychology.") Next arose, as Mr. Richards had said they would, "various pictures 'in the mind's eye' not of words but of things for which the words stand." In this case of cabbages, principally, and of radishes. But, though it *did* seem to us that that song had given "a perfect emotive description of a state of mind," we had to admit that, after all, perhaps it wasn't quite as powerful as Mr. Eliot's "The Waste Land." We drowsed again and the same Voice went on:

Bean-green, radish-red, corn-gold
Variegate the rich brown mold.

Cut curtains for my palanquin
Of corn-gold, radish-red, bean-green!

With corn-gold, bean-green, radish-red
Pattern the tester of my bed,—

For I would dream till I am old
Of bean-green, radish-red, corn-gold.

Whether or not our attitudes and impulses were being driven back upon their biological justification, as Mr. Richards puts it, or whether it is that we are still just hopelessly entangled in what he calls the Magical View, such was the singing we heard. Everything had failed us you see, as Mr. Matthew Arnold had said it would: creeds, dogmas, facts. And nature was neutralized,—but we wouldn't have believed that *we* could be so little neutralized toward Nature. We seemed to be returning to a vegetable state. And lo, in our next mild swoon, we appeared to enter deeply (with Mr. Lawrence) into "an emo-

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Cold Summer

By ELINOR WYLIE

TWILIGHT is blue for seven weeks
Upon its borders, and beyond
Pure darkness splits to dagger-peaks
Of flawed and shivered diamond.

Between slim hills the atmosphere
Swims cold as wine in silver jugs;
The summers live minute and clear,
Colored like Persian praying-rugs.

She whirls above this circumscribed
And patterned carpet, with a pair
Of *tame attendant pigeons*, bribed
By corn as yellow as her hair.

This Week

"The Magic Mountain." Reviewed by *Hugh W. Puckett.*

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"The Honorable Picnic." Reviewed by *William Rose Benét.*

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Emotion and Intellect in Poetry. By *John Gould Fletcher.*

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Neil Munro

By CAMERON ROGERS

HE writes, he says, "for his ain folk," a folk which were also Stevenson's, and these, with their habitual reticence, have apparently succeeded in preserving almost entirely for themselves the notable produce of his talent. The first historical novelist of his time, he is content to keep his "ain folk" happy and his books safely paddocked amongst them, north of the Tweed, publishing now rarely, and enjoying out of Scotland and possibly England, a reputation about as well known as was Francis Thompson's in 1907. Book buyers in this country who batten on the works of Mr. *Sabatini, or who, two decades ago, were as æolian* harps to the light airs of Mr. Stanley Weyman, have never heard of Neil Munro, and gustate with serenity and pleasure the barely comparable printed matter of far lesser men. That this should be so is in no small part his own responsibility, for there is, upon the surface, nothing that is universal in the appeal of Munro's finest novels, a fact which in some fashion constitutes the chief contributing agent of their singular and poignant charm. They require of their readers some touch of the blood of the Gael, some slight hereditary interest in the long but never wearisome tragedy of the Stuarts, and to abet their spell, a little scholarship. The same requirements, one notes, necessary to the fullest enjoyment of "Kidnapped" or "David Balfour," save that these less glamorous writings, being lowland chronicles, are less abstruse to the non-gaelic mind.

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"John Splendid," "The New Road," and "Doom Castle," titles which form a trilogy of his best novels, assume perhaps an interest in the fortunes of the White Rose and the triumphant opposition of the Hanoverians, that is not with justice to be expected in any reading public save his own. But were these books less genuine literary achievements, were they, to borrow from the Butterfly, "plums from our puddings to peddle in the provinces," it is quite possible that sales, that substantial modern equivalent for the bays, would long since have come fluttering from this country about his head. But Munro has never courted them and his "ain folk," to the avowedly shortsighted regret of those of us who would see his name screaming from every literary supplement on this side of the Atlantic, his "ain folk" have for thirty years satisfied his heart and his pocket with an appreciation bred of generations of closely-woven sympathetic understanding and the few shillings demanded by his publishers. Undoubtedly, it is as well that this should be so. And when, in some cosmic period of reorganization and analysis, the genuine literature of the world is collected, dusted, and returned, classified, to the country from whence it took its genesis, at least three novels by Neil Munro will stand, with Scott's and Stevenson's, among the signally elect of Scottish letters.

It is natural, after reading his historical novels with their self-conscious, censorious juveniles and those more colorful protagonists who, in reality, constitute their true heroes, to compare him with Stevenson. David Balfour and Alan Breck are obviously the pendents of Elrigmore, and John Splendid as in "The New Road," are also Aeneas Macmaster and Argyle's runner, the errant and admirable Ninian Campbell. Both men, Stevenson first, and then Munro, employed the same pattern, reveling in imaginative adventure the while anchoring their imaginations with historical fact. Chronologically, it is Munro who owes a debt to Stevenson,

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but though he has used the elder's plan he has used his own tools, and what with "John Splendid" might in another writer have been slavish imitation, is in him authentic creation, the strict essence of original thought. A greater book than either "Kidnapped" or "David Balfour," incomparably richer, pregnant with a romance more sinewed and more stirring, and ending upon a note more hauntingly beautiful than any Stevenson ever achieved, "John Splendid" surpassed its prototypes not only in content but conceivably in technique, for its vigorous episodic consistency is in no place weakened by that dreary, wraith-like atmosphere of clap-trap tragically to be recognized in certain chapters of "David Balfour."

One would not say, save in these instances where he is directly to be compared to the older Scotsman as an historical novelist, that Munro's stature as a man of letters exceeds or equals Stevenson's. The orbit from which the former draws his material is a circle constricted and rigidly defined, and though he excels upon his own note he has not at his command an arpeggio. Nor, in all justice, may one say that his performance has ever been consistently admirable upon this one since "The Shoes of Fortune" yields only a shallow melody, a sort of barrel-organ ballad, reminiscent of the work of a superior composer who has proved too difficult to ape. An interval of years separates "John Splendid" from "Doom Castle," and this last from "The New Road." The books between, all of them with one exception excellent in execution, have still, in one's opinion, failed to achieve their wild and rugged eminence, though of "The Lost Pibroch," his first volume, short stories published in 1896, Andrew Lang could write that in them "we meet genius as obvious and undeniable as that of Mr. Kipling." But Munro is not one who, having found his level, never rises above or sinks below it. His talent, indeed, is like his Highlands, and if it has produced a valley like "The Shoes of Fortune," it has also wrought in "John Splendid" a peak which, like Ben Nevis, dominates not only Scotland but all of Great Britain. As little known as it is undeniably great, it owns no master in English as an historical novel, not excepting two or three of Scott's, "Esmond," or the chronicles of Balfour of Shaws.

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Stevenson the lowlander enlists, with Alan Breck, the sympathies of the reader not with the Whigs and the White Horse but with the Jacobites and the White Rose. Munro the Highlander, born in Inverrary, drums us into the ranks of Geordie and the levies of Argyle. To many of us the side he takes is unaccountable and he is, certainly, the most eloquent romanticist ever produced by these historic policies but even so he does not entirely persuade. Perhaps the fact of his birth beneath the very walls of Mac Cailein Mor tinged his imagination with the past bitter glories of Clan Diarmaid and convinced him of the blind folly of the '15 and the '45, or perhaps, as is his custom, he writes with the convictions of the clan he knows, the respected, much-hated, omnipotent clan Campbell. An interpretation, less partisan in "Doom Castle" and "The New Road," screams like a pibroch in "John Splendid" against Montrose and the lost cause of Charles. We read of the Great Marquis in terms that accomplish for our sympathies such outrageous disservices that we are tempted to turn straightway to Aytoun for consolation and redress, though, save it be the telling of Alan's battle in the round-house with Hoseason and his crew in "Kidnapped," or of that same Stuart gentlemen's duel with James Mor Drummond in "David Balfour," passages descriptive of fighting action comparable to those which several times occur in it, are rare in English letters. But it is in his comprehension of the Gael, his sympathy with, and his interpretation of his character that Neil Munro is so preëminently a master. Not even James Stephens has wrought of his Celtic a melody for the discourse of his characters in English words so filled with lovely sound.

Yet all the vanity, all the children, preposterous delightful qualities of the Highland Scot, he has perpetuated, as it were, *malgré soi*, for his chief characters has ever on their lips condemnation for them, or patronage. Proper Campbells all, Elrigmore and John Splendid, Aeneas and Ninian, hold with their chiefs that the clans not enfeoffed by Argyle are natural enemies, barbarous and unredeemed. So formidable a work, indeed, is "John Splendid," that in some fashion it encourages the contraversion of History. For one sharing no part of the heritage of the Gael, and open-minded as to the respective parts played in the years 1645-6 by the Great Marquis of Montrose and Gillesbeg Cruamach, he of Arglye, to read it is to be convinced that the great nobleman, great soldier, and greater patriot who died in the grass-market of Dunedin was indeed a villain, and the chieftain of Clan Campbell, a reflective, far-seeing, and most honorable figure. That such a conviction be loosed to work effective error in the minds of those who find their pleasure in the reading of historical novels, God forbid! Before reading "John Splendid," and who has not read it carries about in his mind a great if not aching void, one should put oneself securely in the right path by a brief study of Andrew Lang's "History of Scotland," Napier's "Montrose and the Covenanters," the "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," by William Edmonstoune Aytoun, or any other history of the period not directly sponsored by retrospective whiggery or Hanoverian prejudice. With this accomplished the book will blind with many spells but not with one tinged lethally with partisan misconstruction.

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"The New Road," though published in 1914, sixteen years after "John Splendid" and thirteen years after "Doom Castle," follows, chronologically, the former, and presents a Clan Campbell more powerful than ever before, guided now by a chieftain whose fathers' policies had made of Argyle a dukedom and had even created for it an English peerage. "The New Road" is Wade's road, that most effective weapon for the final subjugation of the northern clans, a thoroughfare and system of thoroughfares that, commencing at Perth, went by Dunkeld and Blair-Athole to Dalnacardoch where it was joined by another from Stirling by Crieff, through Glenalmond to Aberfeldy where it crossed the Tay on a very imposing bridge considered by strayed Highlanders to be the work of dæmons. To the outraged astonishment of the clans of Appin and Mamore, Stewarts and Camerons, and further still, the Frasers of that most notable of all Frasers, Old Sim, the Lord Lovat, this thrice-damned route continued on to Dalwhinny where it branched, one arm running northwest to Fort Augustus, the other due north to Inverness. Though Lovat was considered loyal to Hanover and was therefore commander over a Highland Company deputed to police the glens and their disaffected inhabitants, he was in reality sorely grieved when Wade hoicked his road over Corryarrick, a pass relied on by the Highlanders to definitely halt this mad pathfinding. The story of Lovat's loyalty, or treachery, the choice is dependant on the reader's sympathies, forms the groundplan for "The New Road," and, avowedly the villain of the piece, he stands out as plainly its most interesting and significant characterization.

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For a generation more the Cock of the North then was ever that Huntly whom Queen Mary ended, he comes at us as out of Hogarth's very canvas. "He looked a man of sixty, portly in the form, and bellied, with a great thick neck, and knots upon his forehead, little slits of eyes with wrinkles round them, and a broad cajoling smile. He wore the Highland dress, with trews so tightly cut they showed his legs were bowly." Such was the Leviathan of the Highlands, and never more graphically pictured than in these chapters. Munro's, drawn from Hogarth's, seems no less vivid a portrait, though the latter drew his from the life, while the former, a Glasgow newspaper editor born more than a hundred years later, had nothing to guide him but the painted image into which, somehow, he has breathed the turbulent, acrid, life of the man himself.

"Doom Castle," less powerful than "John Splendid" or the "New Road," it were idle to quote from, or, save briefly, to describe. Its action finds the Highlands settled at last, the '45 crushed, and Argyle straddled victoriously above the smoking ruins of the Jacobitish clans. "John Splendid" beheld the Scottish Cavaliers risen against the Covenanting roundheads of Cromwell, and defeated. "The New Road" saw Hanover triumphant but the '45 imminent, "Doom Castle" sets a period to the struggles of the Stuarts and completes the trilogy. When one has read all three one recognizes that the canvas which Munro sets himself to cover was of a magnitude which no other writer of the historical novel since the death of Stevenson, would have dared to contemplate. The policies and the wars and the men who prosecuted them throughout a century riven yearly with strife are represented in colors ground and made use of, one would say, contemporaneously, so excellently true are they, and set on with brush strokes so firm, so skilful, and so inevitable. A very rare quality, a sort of inspired retrospection of things which took place one and two hundred years before the author's birth, seems to have been the governor of the writing of these books. Compared with such performances the annual output of such a one, say, as Sabatini, constitutes orchestrations upon a pennywhistle which has already become battered in the possession of that skald of rather more ability, Mr. Stanley Weyman. John Buchan, also a Scot, is the only man now living capable of approximating what Munro has achieved with a specific historic period as an inspiration and a specific country as a background, and, until now, he has, certainly, failed to do so.

Neil Munro, born in Inverrary in 1864, is in his third and sixtieth year and until very recently was a journalist of distinction active in Glasgow. Thirty years ago, when he was a young man, Andrew Lang observed of him that his "powers are directed to old Highland Life, and he does what genius alone can do—he makes it alive again, and makes our imagination share its life—his knowledge being copious, original, at first hand." He might have added, that, in addition, he was a prose stylist of distinction and a poet. When Lang wrote thus Munro was two and thirty but the years that have come and gone since then, bearing some of them, too few of them, books by his hand, have but cut into a deeper relief the accuracy and justice of the observation. Whether, now that he has retired from active editorial work, his genius will do more for us, is doubtful. It is doubtful too, whether he would ever surpass "John Splendid," a volume which succeeding generations of his "ain folk" will always chew upon, aware that it is a masterpiece and that one such in one man's time is all that may be humanly expected of him. Most of us, indeed, had we created Iain Aluinn, M'Iver, or Barbreck as he liked best to be addressed, would pass happy to our appointed places, confident, as was old Walt, that one book would stand our testament of an abiding fame. But if Munro writes further we would have him, in the words of the song that the Splendid carried away in his ears to the foreign wars and wider fortunes, come back to the glens, his glens, Shira, say, so dear to all right Campbells of Argyle.

Come back to the glen, to the glen, to the glen,
And there shall the welcome be waiting for you.
The deer and the heath-cock, the curd from the pen,
The blaeberry fresh from the dew!

Dangerous Heights

Reviewed by HUGH W. PUCKETT
Columbia University

IT is now some thirty years since Thomas Mann, doffing his character of student, which indeed had sat him but lightly, set his course for a high calling in literature and crossed the Alps on the first stage of that attainment. He had lofty plans which he hoped would mature under an Italian sky. They did, though not as conceived. This German playground in the Mediterranean repelled rather than attracted him; its volatile people, its brilliant, changing colors were in greatest contrast with the Lübeck patrician's sensibilities; its sunshine, far from reflecting a new world for him, drove him back into the atmosphere of the Baltic from which he had thought to escape. He passed most of his Italian sojourn in the same occupation as that of Hans Castorp, young Hamburgian on the Magic Mountain in Switzerland, that is, in "taking stock." The result was "Buddenbrooks," his first novel, still his best known work.

Mann belongs to those artists who are working out their memoirs in their every product. His repetition of little episodes and *motifs* in one work after another is comical proof of his dependence on self-experienced reality; and it is well known what zest was given to the reading of "Buddenbrooks" by the open secret that he was telling tales out of the family. "Tonio Kröger," a narrative which followed shortly after "Buddenbrooks," is autobiographic in many details; it has been of interest to his critics, however, for a reason more essential than its faithfulness to external experience, namely, the author's apologia for his art. Thus there are two types of autobiographic writing to be found in Mann's works: chronicle of his surroundings on the one hand, and the accounting to himself for his

THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN. By THOMAS MANN. Translated from the German by H. T. Lowe-Porter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $6.

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mental furnishings and reactions on the other. He has worked away from the first more and more, and has given the world the full benefit of the latter in "The Magic Mountain."

It is this quality of self-analysis, of experimentation with the effects of life on one's mind and soul, which makes "The Magic Mountain" a difficult book either to read or to criticize. The chief character becomes an observer of life in this deeper sense when, partly by chance, partly by volition, he takes up his abode in a sanitarium for tuberculosis patients a mile high in the Alps. It is a sort of ark stranded above the troubled waters of the world; a company shut off by its remoteness and the mandates of health from outside contacts, feeding, socially, on itself. It is an exaggerated picture of actual life. The inmates are not normal. They consume more food, more tobacco, more liquor than the average; that degree or two above natural body temperature renders them irritable, but also acute and discerning; it makes them unduly erotic as well. Racial differences lead to fisticuffs; in other cases they enhance attraction by their very exoticism. Castorp looks on and listens, and mulls over what he learns, but what he makes of it all, we never really know. It does not matter. He is a commonplace mortal with no mark of distinction save his receptivity, his impression is not determinative for us. Rather we are left to form our own opinion.

At the same time, Mann is developing his own ideas, developing them in anything but a definitive way. He disclaims all responsibility for the time involved: to the casuals on the mountain many of the relations of life appear in their truer form, among them the meaninglessness of time, and so they pass their days without benefit of calendar. The author is inviting comparison between his book and life. He has caught up a group of people from every quarter of the globe and has, with the privilege of the dramatist or the plastic artist, intensified the conditions to make them stand out and come within the scope of his medium of expression. But, *nota bene*, as in life, the tale is never finished; nothing is conclusive but death, and we are reminded often and variously in the book that life goes on even in death. Various philosophies are presented without being sponsored by the author. A voluble, keen-witted Italian first gains ascendancy over Castorp by his humanistic liberalism, and from him Hans gains more than from his other preceptors; this influence is stemmed by the reactionary Jew-Jesuit, Naphta, who, outdoing Settembrini in dialectics, sets Hans adrift from his moorings and makes him think for himself; but the final stamp is put on the gelatine of Hans's brain by one neither brilliant nor learned, who utters only incoherencies, a huge, idol-faced, lion-headed, bibulous Dutchman, great god of the sensuous, who has personality where others have intellect. It is not certain that Hans draws a balance between these different schools of living, but if he does, it profits him little, for he leaves the mountain only to plunge into the holocaust of 1914.

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A most unsatisfying book for the average novel fiend. Nor is it without its trials for the more philosophical reader. It may well be urged that tuberculosis is only one of the phenomena of existence and to spend seven years with the hero among its evidences (faithfully portrayed) is a strain on our patience. In the name of the same virtue one might argue that excursions into natural and political science, metaphysics, and what not, are of evil when they constitute the major part of a work of fiction.

It is true that "The Magic Mountain" has its basis in fact, that it is indeed to a certain degree autobiographic. Frau Mann spent a period of recuperation at the sanitarium in Davos and her husband visited her there for three weeks. He actually contracted a cold in the third week, and the old-timers tried to convince him of the existence of that notorious "moist spot" on the lung. Mann, however, unlike Castorp, fled back to less dizzy altitudes. This excursion into the pathological world above the clouds furnished the novelist with most of the characters in the book. Mann's utter dependence on experience for material is one of the eccentricities of a mind otherwise astounding in its reach and grasp. He must have his experience and have it whole. Quite different, for instance, from Jakob Wassermann who, proceeding like our anthropologists, needs only a satyr's grin or a refractory wisp of hair out of which to reconstruct a whole character. There are no exotic, Scheherezadean imaginings in Mann. That may be the reason why he is able to start on the outside and work in, a procedure which his fellow countrymen too often reverse, some, indeed, never getting outside the matter at all. Even the feverish unreality of Davos Platz becomes real under Mann's pen. The characters are unforgettable. Unfortunately, for they are in the sere and yellow leaf. They execute a bizarre sort of dance of death, play with their physical frailty, masquerade as thermometer and spittle cup, and call one another by such endearing names as "joli bourgeois à la petite tache humide." Castorp finds death life's most engaging ceremony, and all Settembrini's preachments of progress based on vital effort only slightly scotch this tendency.

It is rather futile to deplore Mann's decadent predilection, the fascination which decay and decline have always had for him. It is bred into him. The spirit which in his brother Heinrich has turned to ripping satire, a sort of snapping at life, took the milder form of ironic pessimism in him. It is not superficial. His decadence has nothing of a fad about it, is not to be confused with the repulsive, exhibitionistic performances of the expressionists. It is born of the conflict between life and art; it is the expression of his sense of the futility of art's pursuit of life and life's attempt to comprehend art—this irreconcilable, yet inseparable pair. If we may judge by his long line of confessions, he has the lust for life without the capacity, and we know that he idolizes this capacity, contrasting favorably those thus endowed with more intellectual types. He is not Bohemian, not democratic, and apparently suffers from an inhibition which keeps him forever an observer rather than a participant of life. Son of a temperamental, South American mother and of a father descended from a long line of Hanseatic merchants, he unites the elements of his conflict in his very lineage. He has been compared in his philosophy with Rilke; the resemblance is real and of similar origin.

Illustration by Mahlon Blaine for "The Sorcerer's Apprentice."

Decadence, then, is not a late flowering in Mann, it has only grown to unwonted proportions in "The Magic Mountain"—due, I am confident, to the depressing effects of the war. The real novelty is his experiment with the form. "The Magic Mountain" is encyclopedic. There are essays on biology, psychoanalysis, humanism, corporal punishment, botany, cremation, free masonry, and the like. Some are neat little disquisitions by themselves, others are in the form of disputations, without doubt the most wearying way of imparting information. It is not the technique of the well bred novel, a fact of which Mann is well aware; nor do I get the impression that he is trying to improve the breed by this book. It is doubtful if the essay and the novel can ever be combined, and no one can deny that there is a limit to loading fiction with anything that does not amalgamate so inextricably with the story that it can't be omitted. If Thomas Mann intended to introduce a new technique for the novel, he should have experimented with proportions less monstrous, for the offense which might have been overlooked in five hundred pages cries to heaven when we pass the thousand mark. It is a misnomer to speak of "The Magic Mountain" as a novel. In reality, it is Mann's scrapbook, containing the connings of a lifetime, the ripe reflections of an incisive intellect, and we can only be thankful for it. If the title had not already been preempted by another philosopher, he might have called it an Anatomy of Melancholy, and we may well read it as one does Burton. Above all, let no one read it who is in a hurry.

The Art of Marrow-Freezing

THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE. By Hanns Heinz Ewers. Translated from the German by Ludwig Lewisohn. Illustrated by Mahlon Blaine. New York: The John Day Company. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by Adolph E. Meyer
New York University

PUBLISHED in German some seventeen years ago, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" (*Der Zauberlehrling*), represents Hanns Heins Ewers's initial venture in the field of novel writing. Like all of Ewers's longer works it is a rhapsody of grewsomeness—a weird and terrific picture of the grotesque, heavily soaked with satire and mysticism, and colored throughout with symbolism. Ewers is the modern German reincarnation of Poe and E. T. A. Hoffman, and as such he is a master of the so-called *seltsame Geschichte*. A facile conjurer of savagery, Ewers, while often plunging into the absurd, is usually fairly interesting. To the timid, however, his works cannot be recommended, for his depiction of the bestial and the sinister is often abhorrent. Still, his fascinating and nonchalant style frequently melts the less stubborn impossibilities, and so he usually succeeds in making wickedness a force most alluring. And when a volume of Ewers is touched by the magical pen of the gifted Mahlon Blaine, such as the work under discussion, then the lure becomes doubly irresistible.

Frank Braun, traveler, student, writer, somewhat a prototype of Ewers himself, arrives in an isolated mountain hamlet at a time when the flames of religious fanaticism are smoldering. Here, in the obscure Val di Scodra, a village in northern Italy, Braun settles to pursue his studies in anthropology. From a chance conversation with a fellow-traveler, a Catholic priest, Braun had gathered that Val di Scodra was anything but a fitting place for peaceful study, that it was, as a matter of fact, a caldron seething with religious frenzy. Yet, instead of acting as a barrier, these abnormal conditions actually serve as a magnet for young Braun. Leader and chief inspirer of the mountain fanatics is one Pietro Nosclere, known to his cohorts as "The American," a title derived from his stay in Pennsylvania, where he had made money and learned the art of devil-chasing. The sole villager who has steadily refused to swallow the doctrines of Pietro is the inn-keeper's daughter, Teresa, a pious child of the Church, and also somewhat a spy for the town's fugitive parish priest.

Here, in this turbulent *milieu*, the blond German iconoclast spins his sinister web of disaster. The villagers, ignorant, fanatic, and for the most part physically deformed, are an unappetizing lot. Among them the innocent and God-fearing Teresa stands out. Her seduction by Braun is rapid and easy—because as he tells the girl, "The Madonna wills it." This logic, I confess, rather astonished me. But even more astonishing is the placid attitude of Teresa's father confessor who encourages the girl to look upon Braun as a gift of God. Surely Braun's behavior—as well as the girl's—is not quite in line with orthodox teaching. Teresa now becomes not only the German's mistress—she is actually his docile slave. The young German can even hypnotize her. Indeed, the blond Teuton soon discovers that he can hypnotize almost anybody—and this of course is a terrible and irresistible temptation to one who worships the evils of hell as a great and beautiful force, far greater than the every-day trivialities liberated by Mother Earth. And so Braun becomes a sort of super-sorcerer playing with fate and God. He pulls the strings, and the religious maniacs of Val di Scodra dance like so many puppets.

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He suggests to The American that the latter is the prophet Elijah. Then he plants in the new prophet's brain the idea that his methods of devil-chasing are altogether too mild—that hymnbooks to be effective, must be supplemented by the rod. Thus, Pietro gradually evolves into a wild and rampant Elijah, a furious sadist, bawling the gospel of devil-extermination by merciless scourgings and bloody self-flagellation. Now Braun focusses his attention upon Teresa. Like the Prophet she is hypnotized. She, it seems, is a holy woman—the replica of the saint for whom she is named. What follows is a furious orgy. The whole town is a gigantic demon. But Braun is no longer its master. His uncanny powers suddenly evaporate. No more a super-sorcerer, he becomes a helpless apprentice, unable to cope with the terrific forces he has conjured up. Shivering in his shoes he must bear witness to the nauseating spectacle of the crucification of his beloved—at her own behest.

The story is certainly a thriller. Like all of the same species it is often most illogical. Yet, unlike most others of its kind, it is highly ferocious, crammed with interest, and loaded to the brim with much that is really beautiful. It is the eternal battle between mind and spirit wherein a superbrain creates forces it can not control. Devastation is the end. To those who have a fancy for gooseflesh and who are charmed by the diabolical machinations of a fiendish intellectual, Ewers's narrative can be unhesitatingly recommended.

For Honorable Connoisseurs

THE HONORABLE PICNIC. By THOMAS RAUCAT. New York: The Viking Press. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE sophisticated Gallic spirit is to sip life like champagne. The true Gallic touch in literature is just that champagne sparkle and tingle. Three years ago the Librairie Gallimard in Paris put forth Raucat's "The Honorable Picnic." It has now been presented for the delectation of America in a translation by Leonard Cline. For the exactitude of the translation we cannot vouch. All we know is that the book in English is a positive delight.

The Orient and the Occident have often been presented in juxtaposition, but not often with as rare cunning, brisk levity, and permeating poetry as in this light novel. We call it a light novel; but in a sense it is a profound novel. It trenches with clarity the crevasse between the traditions of the East and of the West. It contrasts deliciously the manners of Paris and of Tokio. One set of conventions is played against another; and one must say that the Orientals emerge, in the persons of a young lady of the middle class, a geisha girl, and a Tokio student, bearing a naïve charm, a dignity, a poetry about them that the West might well envy. Nor must I forget the station-master at Fujisawa—ah, how admirable a character!

Because the fashion of the narrator is sprightly, the episodes replete with humor,—save for that last, in which one encounters the tragic treachery of O-Tsuki-Sama, (and that is replete with poetry)—the implications are no less subtly far-reaching for those who are led from fantastic tales to philosophizings.

I should be doing the novelist a disservice to reveal the course of his narrative. For characters we have the suave European, intent upon the accomplishment of an affair with a young person of Tokio, while residing in that scintillating city as envoy extraordinary of the Commission on Social Morality of the Bureau of the League of Nations!—we have this "honorable-foreigner," as I say, and we have his Japanese host, his guests, the young girl and the companions she has chosen for the honorable picnic out of which arises all the confusion, comedy, and tragedy of the story (one of the companions is married and takes with her her honorable baby Taro-San!), the stationmaster and his staff, the proprietress of the Hotel Umematsuya and hers, the geisha-girls, and, finally, the unhappy student. The occasion is a variously-understood outing to Enoshima.

In the words of the Geisha-girl,

> The honorable-Occidentals are without education and without culture; they are in the condition in which we were about the beginning of the reign of his Majesty Jimmu-Tenno.

One perceives it. O how deeply! One's spirit shudders for their *gaucherie* in the presence of Oriental hospitality. One profoundly regrets all the delinquencies of the honorable-foreigner. But what an utterly charming book all such matters have furnished forth! Here is a champagne, not too heady, but with just the proper fizz and sparkle. It is for the appreciation of the connoisseur.

A Mirror Up to Music

WORDS AND MUSIC. By SIGMUND SPAETH. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1926.

Reviewed by RANDALL THOMPSON

"*TUTTO nel mondo è burla*," cries Sir John, by way of bringing Verdi's immortal "Falstaff" to a close: All the world's a joke—or Sigmund Spaeth can make you think so.

"Words and Music," with the subtitle, "A Book of Burlesques," has four lively chapters. In the first, "Jack and Jill" is set to music in the manners of Handel, Schubert (with a "c"), Donizetti, Wagner, Debussy, and jazz. In the second, the author delineates the family tree of "Yes, We Have No Bananas." In the third chapter, Yankee Doodle is treated to a round of macaronics; and in the fourth, our great American opera is published for the first time. It proves to be "Neuralgia, or More Luck than Management"—covering no less than the last ten pages of the book and requiring fully as many minutes for performance, without encores.

As for "Jack and Jill," the Schubert metamorphosis is especially amusing, with its "Forellen"-like accompaniment, its Silvian air, and its little passing tribute to "Der Wegweiser" in the last phrase of the voice-part. The knack for travesty approaches genius, here as well as in the words of the Wagner and Debussy versions:

> Hans und Hila, hehr und heiter den Hügel hinan!
> Wollten Wasser zum waschen, wogende Wellen,

Here's all the Ring in a nutshell—an unprecedented stroke of good fortune. Then again, this *multum in parvo*:

> Et Jille tombait après, c'est vrai . . . c'est vrai,

in which Mélisande is veritably reduced to a molecule. The jazz version, save for the Blues interlude, seems less subtly satirical, though, if rendered by an artist who plays and sings "hot," it might even carry the day; undeniably, the Blues are a thing apart.

The "begats" make dull reading compared to Dr. Spaeth's analysis of "Bananas." It is a genealogical *tour de force* which dispels any shadow of doubt lurking around the legitimacy and breeding of this erstwhile popular song. For what other song-hit can boast the proud parentage of Handel and Balfe? Few can attribute their births to "Seeing Nellie Home," "My Bonnie," and "An Old-Fashioned Garden." It is indeed high born. Alas, this section of the booklet is the most satirical of all. Or does the kind author want merely to help struggling song-writers to their feet by showing how it's done? It is to be hoped that he is on no account endeavoring to revive interest in this momentarily dormant masterpiece.

Is Dr. Spaeth acquainted with Edward Ballantine's variations for piano on "Mary Had A Little Lamb," in the styles of ten composers? His own "Yankee Doodle" variations are easier to play but not so ingenious as Mr. Ballantine's tribute to "Mary." However the running comment is indeed rich and subtle musical observation. Here there are flashes of insight, the cream of a wealthy musical intelligence, revealing the weaknesses, faults, and eccentricities of great composers. The possession of this knowledge is a weapon almost too powerful and dangerous to entrust to the hands of the man in the street. It is one thing to know so much about a composer's music that you can jeer at his foibles; it is quite another thing to jeer at his foibles when you are unable even to say what he wrote. As a nation we incline to do the latter. Let us hope that the unsuspecting author does not throw more victims into this manner of thinking.

Although America is still a little girl, she awaits her supreme native opera-composer with the breathless anxiety of a nervous old woman. But in the meantime parodies on the yet unborn Great American Opera are becoming so numerous and, like most parodies, so flattering, that the opera itself may choose never to appear. It is already more caricatured than any single music-drama of antiquity; why be born? Better, with so much praise, to die in the womb, than strut and fret one's hour upon a stage. Pray Heaven "Neuralgia" will never prove to be an accomplice in such an abortion. To confess the truth: as an opera it will probably never be given a production. In that respect it is almost one hundred per cent American. . . . Dr. Spaeth faces our situation with boldness and candor. To ascertain what the Great American Opera will be, one has only to consider all the available sources. "It must, in the first place, represent the throbbing restlessness of modern business life." There must be a touch of jazz, a love interest, a dash of patriotism, and "in the background . . . a reminder of those folk influences which have helped to create the American music of today, the Negro, the Indian, and perhaps the Creole"! "Neuralgia" (the opera; not the nervous disorder) fulfils all these requirements. A triumph of induction, it reveals how much a little knowledge of the Francis Baconian theory may some day mean to the American composer.

Parrying before a single critic could lunge, Dr. Spaeth avers, in his preface, that he publishes the book only upon the insistent demand of his friends. Undoubtedly much of the humor of "Words and Music" is lost on the printed page. It requires a comedian and the mood he creates. Still, one is bound to enjoy his caricatures, because they make us laugh at our forebears. And one is forced to admire his pungent satire, by which posterity can laugh at *us*, if not we at ourselves.

"Tutto nel mondo è burla"!

The Revolt of the Vegetable

(*Continued from page* 971)

tional revulsion free from *ad hoc* beliefs." For the Voice returned with an even prouder eloquence than before:

> *You hail the common grass's sheen,—*
> *But how the asparagus is green!*
>
> *In hymns to lilies you delight,—*
> *Yet how the celery is white!*
>
> *Carol of roses clustering red,—*
> *But oh, the blushing radish-bed!*
>
> *Praise of the crocus though you parrot,—*
> *I celebrate the golden carrot!*
>
> *Like magic moons of fairy-story,*
> *Behold the squash and pumpkin's glory!*
>
> *While purple eggplant flaunts its power*
> *Ermined with fleece-white cauliflower!*

Well now, we said, what is the *Test?* Mr Richards says there is a—oh, yes! This is the Test "that only genuine poetry will give to the reade who approaches it in the proper manner a respons which is as passionate, noble, and serene as the ex perience of the poet, the master of speech becaus he is the master of experience itself." *That* poetry we started thinking, *has* given us that response, fo quite evidently he who made it was first of all master of the experience of gardening. And it i just as passionate, noble, and serene as it can be And it doesn't have to mean anything. It just *i* We can detach our beliefs and let them float aroun in the air, while we regard *it* simply as *being*.

And we were comforted. But suddenly in upo our bland smiling burst again the voice of Mr Richards. He was saying:

> And in some states of mind, for example, when intox cated, the silliest doggerel may seem sublime. What hap pened was not due to the doggerel but to the drink!

But Mr. Richards needn't have looked at u Honestly! We hadn't been drinking. We had ju been trying to sleep, after we had been learning lot from the "dawning science of psychology" abo poetry.

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The Spiritual Life

CREATIVE PERSONALITY. By RALPH TYLER FLEWELLING. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by J. W. T. MASON
Author of "Creative Freedom."

IT IS sometimes necessary to talk to mankind in terms of common sense, however much science dislikes to listen, just as it is sometimes necessary to bring a realization of reality to an overfed millionaire by putting him on a simple diet, whose strength and life-giving qualities do not waver. Civilization is showing signs of distress at its own mania to be scientific, for too much science is poisonous and we have not yet discovered how much is too much. Quackery long ago entered science, witness the arrogant claims of infallibility by scientists of the past generation which the theory of electrons and the principle of relativity have overthrown. Man owes many of his comforts to science but also he owes to it the destructiveness of the world war, and, as well, pessimistic philosophies which deny human values and seek to make man believe he is only a mannikin.

Professor Flewelling is a doughty champion of man's right to believe in his own personality as having human values and to trust the inherited experience of spiritual factors in life. But "Creative Personality" is not a tract. It does not preach religion in any dogmatic sense. Rather, it says: "Science, like religion, must be forever on trial and must justify itself by its contribution to the common welfare."

Professor Flewelling proceeds with forcefulness and at the same time with admirable restraint to justify religious conceptions of God and man with an evolving activity at work, in a creative, not a mechanistic sense:

> Matter, itself is continually and purposely willed into being by a Supreme Power which creates both the relations and the persons who grasp the relations. . . . This is God's world, but God wishing to make man a party to moral achievement, awaits only man's coöperative efforts.

An old-fashioned and out-worn belief, science may say. Old-fashioned, yes; just as the science of medicine, rejecting new-fashioned doctrines for the physical cure of man's ills, is returning to the old-fashioned practice of letting nature—or, one may say, the subconscious functioning of life within the body—do the work by its own better wisdom. But Professor Flewelling's doctrine is not outworn. Rather, it is returning to a new welcome, in a new dress, and with a new vitality.

The development of personality through moral action, as the aim of human progress, Professor Flewelling sees as a movement of freedom:

> All our political and social institutions are built upon the presumption of freedom. Without it our civilization would perish. What is written so deeply into social necessity and the common understanding of man we have no hesitancy in proclaiming to be a fact. If the mechanistic psychology fall upon this fact it will be broken.

The mechanistic psychology may answer that scientific proof of freedom is lacking and may challenge Professor Flewelling to produce it. But, suppose there were scientific proof, what greater validity would it have than Professor Flewelling's appeal to "the common understanding of man"? Scientific proofs forever betray those who accept them, in philosophy. Huxley said science progresses by its errors. "The common understanding of man" is a more loyal guide to the verities of life than science has shown itself to be, for what science proves today it disproves tomorrow. Science, for the moment is developing a tendency to believe the only reality is change. Listen to Professor Flewelling:

> Change has no meaning for that which itself altogether rises and passes away, but only for that which experiences change as a part of its own abiding meaning. . . . Personality and personality alone, in all the realms of experience, is able to undergo change and yet survive change. Nowhere save in personality do we find the nexus of identity.

Here, Professor Flewelling approaches the very center of the problem of reality, the perpetuity of survival amid change. Such might have been the riddle of the Sphinx. And, again, Professor Flewelling throws a challenge to mechanistic philosophy and to the behaviorists as well, when, in differentiating between animals and humans, he says the animal "*is not conscious of consciousness.*" This problem in psychology remains for development, a field for anyone interested in the philosophy of psychology, the philosophy of mind exploring itself and reaching conclusions about itself.

Qwertyuiop

A Shirtsleeves History

VI. AND MORE RECENTLY

I HAVE now come into the homestretch of this disjected and congested history of literary effort in our times. In my last instalment I promised something concerning Clare Sheridan and Margot Asquith. These two ladies rushed into our ken like comets back in 1921. Clare Sheridan, if you don't remember, was—and still is, for all I know—an English sculptress and cousin to Winston Churchill (not *our* Winston Churchill!). She had descended on Russia and had sculptured busts of Trotzky, Tchitcherin, Lenin, and Zinovieff. She had attended the funeral of John Reed at the Kremlin wall. For John Reed had finally died in Russia after an exciting and gallant career, in the new red dawn, in the beginning of things, as he thought, in which he ardently believed.

Clare Sheridan wrote for the *New York Times* and gave us her impressions of Russia. I recall that she said that people were always asking her there whether she had noticed the remarkable quality of Trotzky's eyes. Russians called him "The Wolf." Clare Sheridan came to this country and impressed us with her superb vitality. Her experiences were published. She went on sculping and exulting in every manifestation of life with which she came in contact. Naturally she fared to our incredible Hollywood on the Coast. New York and Hollywood were bonanzas to her search for the exhilarating. She found "Charlie" Chaplin a remarkable manifestation. For quite a while many people talked of and read Clare Sheridan.

Margot Asquith's "Autobiography" was even more startling. The present Countess of Oxford was nothing if not outspoken. Her revelations concerning her rebellious youth, the society of the "Souls," her many adventures and escapades, was delicious excitement to the staid and conventional. She wrote dashingly and with romantic color. She said clever things about the great. And her social position was unassailable. Her "Autobiography" was a dinner-table topic of conversation for many months. It caused fervent discussion and sometimes almost broke up families. People are always avid for memoirs with a dash of pepper and spice. But where are the snows of yesteryear? Wells had been assailed by both Sir Henry Arthur Jones and John Spargo for writing "Russia in the Shadow," and Russia, in its then phase, was a constant challenge to voluminous expression of opinion—but even Russia paled for a while beside the sprightly Margot. And today we have well-nigh forgotten her. So it goes.

* * *

And here, parenthetically, just because the cases and the individuals are so vastly different, I must insert a word concerning an American thinker and writer whom we have quite completely forgotten. I refer to the young Randolph Bourne whose "History of a Literary Radical" came out in the Spring of 1921. Bourne was known, of course, to the intelligentsia. He wrote for the *Dial* and the *Seven Arts* and *The New Republic*. In his life of suffering (he was crippled from birth) he produced comparatively little. But the power of his mind and the integrity of his spirit were of the major order. To the few who knew him he revealed a genuine spark of genius. I never knew him. He has always been to me a legend. His writing was philosophical, in the true sense of the word,—for he was anything rather than what we *call* philosophical in spirit. But his attack upon the present phase of our so-called civilization, upon institutions that he abhorred and systems he challenged, was vigorous and vital. Because of the little that Bourne produced he remains merely an inspiration to the very few with whom he came into personal contact, and to the quite-as-few interested chiefly in ideas. He was a young man. He was an embittered man. But any true history of the progress of thought in our country must, in the future, take account of Randolph Bourne. To the ordinary reader of today he is not even a name. He was one of those who, in John Davidson's phrase, "fall, face forward, fighting, on the deck." This fugitive paragraph is dedicated to his spirit.

The suppression of "Jurgen" is an item that I have neglected. Those addicted to what the Movie producers call "costume stuff," in fiction, and to the urbane style applied to ancient romance had, as I think I have already noted, taken some account of James Branch Cabell before this. But suddenly, by virtue of the censors, it was bruited far and wide that "this book 'Jurgen'" was "simply incredible, my dear!", and the suppressors of vice rolled their eyes, rolled up their sleeves, and went to it with a greedy hunger. The consequence was that the astonished Mr. Cabell suddenly found himself not only a nine-days wonder, but thrust brutally into the limelight as an international classic. The faithful few, who had been pulling for him for years and had been trying to get others to read him, marshalled shoulder to shoulder and wore out many typewriter ribbons extolling his genius and counter-attacking the censors. Indeed, to my poor way of thinking, "Jurgen" is one of the most remarkable books of our time. And the wide-eyed, innocent manner in which the infinitely astute Mr. Cabell met the thunderings of sodden authority was gorgeous. Mr. Cabell is one of the few writers we have with us today who truly merits the title of "gentleman." He is a gentleman and a scholar. He is a citizen of the world,—chiefly of a fabulous world. "Jurgen" sold widely until its suppression, which was prompt. Then came the case in the courts. But James Branch Cabell's name and fame were established for a generation at least. So were his sales. Every night I kneel by my little bed and offer up a prayer for more censorship,—not less, not less, O Lord, but more! There must be other good books that deserve their boost, other writers of a like excellence that we haven't discovered as yet. O Lord, bring us all a nice good Clean Book Bill and see a flock of new stars arise in the spacious firmament!

* * *

Miss Zona Gale had produced one of her best novels, "Miss Lulu Bett." It became a play, as good novels have a habit of doing, and the play became a success. It takes a long time to forget Louise Closser Hale as Mrs. Bett and Lois Shore as the child Monona. Carroll McComas was Lulu. I forget who played Ninian. With the novel and the play Miss Gale had lifted herself into a new category as an author. She was now among the leaders. Of course her remarkable novel "Birth" has been quite overlooked, but the days of dear old Pelleas and deal old Ettarre are also forgotten. An accomplished artist has come into her own.

As we were speaking of the theatre, to go back a little, John Drinkwater had put our Lincoln on the stage with enormous success. He now gave us "Mary Stuart," in which Clare Eames came to the fore. Later "Michael Strange" warmed over "The Man Who Laughs" for the footlights and the entire Barrymore family (at least, I'm not sure of Lionel) strove nobly with "Clair de Lune." But "Liliom" by Franz Molnar, then new to us, was a real play! Shall I ever forget the sensation it gave me! Joseph Schildkraut moved through this stirring and enormously imaginative drama of low and heavenly life with marvelous command. And then dear old William Archer, for such æons a dramatic critic, proved himself a successful playwright with an out-and-out "thriller," "The Green Goddess," which I missed, as I rarely miss Arliss.

Leaping suddenly from the stage to the international situation: Joke of the period: "What's this new conference they're going to have in America?" "Oh, they're going to make peace among the Allies." Still, in suspense was the peace with Germany and as much as was left of Austria Hungary. The treaty had been signed but not ratified by the Senate.

Leaping nimbly back to fiction: "Three Soldiers," by John Dos Passos. The first novel of the War that rang true, and almost gave Mr. Coningsby Dawson apoplexy. Mr. Dos Passos's book got more free publicity in the papers and sold less in proportion to the extent of its free publicity than any novel I can remember of recent years. Dos, meanwhile, always cheerfully on his uppers, continued to develop his restless foot-loose roving, and may have, at that time, disappeared into the interior of Africa, for all I know, with a knapsack of books and a toothbrush. Mr. Dos Passos's point of view on the War was a matter for indefatigable prosing and

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conning. Of course Mr. Dawson just said flatly that it was an insult to the American Army. "But you know as a matter of fact I really think you would find that certain conditions over there at that time were really pretty terrible," I can imagine Dos replying with earnest good will, craning his head and blinking rapidly behind his glasses. Then he would have departed rapidly with swinging arms and an eye for the moon, clanging like a gong over Manhattan Transfer.

Dear, dear! Here it is only 1922, and there's a whole lot on that year also! Comrades, bear with me a little!

There was the Washington Arms Conference, and Wells came over for the *London Mail* and almost ran away with the Conference. Even his criticism of France's attitude couldn't prevent everybody from wanting to hear what he had to say. "The League of Nations," said Balfour, "has come to stay. Nothing can kill it. The idea is too strong and there is nothing else in the world to satisfy that idea." Balfour and Hughes were depicted as smilingly shaking hands. Warren G. Harding was delivered of the pronouncement that "In another generation I believe that liquor will have disappeared not merely from our politics, but from our memories." But—.

O'Neill; Eugene O'Neill, son of James O'Neill the great melodramatic actor. But, "It's dat ole davil sea, do dis to me." O'Neill and "Anna Christie." Pauline Lord in "Anna Christie." Broadway was wild about O'Neill. All the way from the old Wharf at Provincetown. O'Neill arisen out of Greenwich Village! These are memoranda merely on one now our leading American dramatist. The act in the waterfront saloon in "Anna Christie" was as good as anything I have ever seen on the modern stage. Parts of any of O'Neill's plays are always wonderful. He followed "Anna Christie" with "The Hairy Ape." A gentleman with a most unusual face was the lead, Louis Wolheim, as "Yank." Wolheim later achieved solid fame as the Captain in the Anderson-Stallings "What Price Glory?"

Chaliapine, the Russian Basso, was being talked about as stepping into the shoes of Caruso. Carl Van Vechten wrote enthusiastically concerning him. His greatest acting was, perhaps, in "Boris Goudonov." His extemporaneous interpretation was extraordinary. He held by the Soviets. Meanwhile Sherwood Anderson won the *Dial* prize of $2,000 "in recognition of the service to letters rendered by a young American writer." Tennessee Anderson's sculpturings that were reproduced as illustrations to Anderson's "The Triumph of the Egg" were much talked about. Certainly, she caught with her modelling the very face of the unsuccessful "Chicken Farmer" of Anderson's title-story, as he must have lived. The head of the toil-worn woman entitled "Labor" was also masterly. Anderson's achievement in this book was spoken of as the culmination of the spirit animating Masters's "Spoon River Anthology." There was deep pity in Anderson, deep accusation. There was also a powerful and natural story-telling ability. After five years, "I want to Know Why," and "The New Englander" are as fresh in the mind as though I had read them yesterday. Anderson had come into his own. And with "Moon Calf" his steady admirer and indefatigable "rooter," Floyd Dell, had also. After years dedicated to the cause of Labor and to magazine editing toward that end, Floyd had turned novelist, and had produced a particularly good first novel. He followed it with "The Briary Bush," better written but less original.

Hermann Melville had been resurrected! In England Birrell and Arnold Bennett and H. M. Tomlinson were all writing about him. Raymond Weaver, of the Department of English at Columbia, produced a biography of him. Christopher Morley talked Melville night and day. After so long a time one of our few really great writers of the past emerged from oblivion and entered into the Hall of Fame permanently.

And then came, not winter, but "If Winter Comes," from a young English writer whom F. P. A. in his column (now shifted to the *World*) had been applauding for some time: A. S. M. Hutchinson. But he made almost an omelette of his Hamlet. How "If Winter Comes" sold! And with a title out of Shelley! But—as we have remarked before, and may, just possibly, remark again, in the course of this narrative: *Ou sont les neiges d'antan?*

(*To be continued in a fortnight*)

Plato and His Method

PLATO: THE MAN AND HIS WORK. By A. E. Taylor. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by Paul Elmer More

PROFESSOR TAYLOR, formerly of St. Andrews now of Edinburgh, has written a book on Plato at once admirable and exasperating. His plan is simple and in itself acceptable. His purpose is to offer "an analysis of the dialogues, not a systematization of their contents under a set of subject-headings. Plato himself hated nothing more than system-making. And "this," the author adds, "is why I have tried to tell the reader just what Plato says, and made no attempt to force a 'system' on the Platonic text." The programme inspires confidence, and in a manner Mr. Taylor has adhered to it faithfully.

Beginning with a life of Plato, in which he brings his recognized scholarship and acumen to bear on the often problematic matter of tradition, Mr. Taylor passes to an analysis and criticism of the separate dialogues in the chronological order of their composition. The analysis in almost all cases is masterly, and I know of no other work from which a lay reader can get so clear a conception of the questions raised by Plato and his method of dealing with them. Mr. Taylor is particularly adroit in clarifying the more entangled discussions and in showing the main line of argument where for a moment it threatens to lose itself in side issues. His criticisms, too, are often illuminating. As an illustration of his power of getting to the heart of a question I may instance his comment on the Platonic meaning of the word "voluntary" in the "Hippias Minor," with the conclusion: "Many men choose evil in spite of the fact that it is evil, no one chooses it *because* it is evil and he knows it to be so." Still more notable, as dealing with the issue of a greater dialogue, is the comment on the relation of the specific virtues to the vision of the supreme Good in the "Republic." Occasionally the argument of a dialogue, which might seem to the casual reader obscure or antiquated, is vitalized by comparison with a more modern form of the same problem, or by reference to its importance in theology, though Mr. Taylor is careful not to obtrude his Christian philosophy unduly.

* * *

All this is well and fits in with the purpose of the book to avoid a systematizing of the contents of the dialogues under subject-headings. But there is another side to the method. Plato may have hated system-making in the sense that he doubted the possibility of formulating "anything like a coherent, clearly articulated 'theory of everything,'" but philosophy meant to him nevertheless, as Mr. Taylor himself neatly expresses it, "the active personal pursuit of truth and goodness by the light of one or two great passionate convictions." And just here lies the inadequacy of Mr. Taylor's book. After all the philosopher who so pursues the truth has something which, if it cannot properly be called a "system," lends a central, one might say a systematic, consistency to his thought. There is a certain way of looking at life and its major issues which the world has always regarded as Platonic, and which is connected with Plato's passionate belief in the reality of Ideas. I think Mr. Taylor would admit this, and indeed has probably said as much somewhere in these pages. But in his fear of "systematization" he has forborne to stop anywhere in his chronological exposition long enough to bring out the fact with sufficient cogency and in its full significance. As a consequence the reader, at least the unprepared and inattentive reader, may close the volume with no clear understanding of what Platonism really is, of what, so to speak, it is all about.

If in that way the book, admirable as it may be in detail, is in the sum inadequate, in another way it is, in my opinion, downright misleading. By what I can only account a curious perversion, Mr. Taylor (agreeing in this with his former colleague at St. Andrews, Professor Burnet), while denying to Plato any petrified system, quite fails to see, in fact vehemently denies, what to most critics seems a normal and natural development of Plato's thought. This obtuseness shows itself first in the determination to put all the earlier dialogues, notably the "Protagoras" and the "Gorgias," on the same plane of philosophical evolution. He thus misses the excitement—the word is not too strong—of discerning how the genuinely Platonic doctrine of pleasure and happiness, which is certainly not easy to discover in the Socratic hedonism of the "Protagoras," suddenly becomes explicit in the "Gorgias." Oddly enough, though he belabors almost ill-temperedly any criticism of the "Protagoras" as inferior in philosophical content to the "Gorgias," it is to the latter, not to the former, that he constantly refers as the connecting link between the so-called Socratic dialogues and such later works as the "Republic," "Theætetus," and "Politicus."

* * *

In his treatment of the latter dialogues Mr. Taylor again refuses to see the important development of Plato's thought and so falls into what I can only regard as perversities of criticism. As I have said, he has a fine, really noble passage on Plato's conception of the supreme Idea of the Good in the "Republic." Here he is at his best, and his best is very high. But he falls down lamentably when he comes to the "Timæus." Owing to the rigidity of his static theory, he quite misses the significance of the change from the point of view in the "Republic," where God is virtually absorbed into the Idea of the Good as the efficient and final cause of being, to the point of view of the "Timæus," where a sharp distinction is drawn between God as the efficient cause and Ideas as the formal and final cause. Here again he loses the excitement of discerning how Plato, in this change of attitude, while remaining unchanged in his "great passionate conviction," magnificently anticipates the Aristotelian criticism of Ideas as inert and non-dynamic *things*, and therefore as lacking in causality; and how Plato extricates himself from the impossible hypothesis of absolute happiness on a virtually atheistical basis as proposed in the second book of the "Republic" (here again anticipating the Aristotelian criticism in *Nic. Eth.* VII, xiii, 3).

The subject is too large and too technical to be dealt with properly in a brief review; but it must be said that Mr. Taylor's treatment of the "Timæus" is in some points almost demonstrably unsound, despite the fact that this dialogue has been the special object of his study. How can he maintain, with the phrase "in so far as possible" (*kata to dynaton*) repeatedly staring him in the face, and with Plato's explicit definition of the hampering power of "necessity" (*anankê*) before him, that "the 'Timæus' knows of no external limitation imposed on God's will by conditions independent of God himself"? Nor would he, I think, were he better acquainted with the theological literature of the early Christian centuries, have ventured to say that "the 'Demiurge' really is thought of as a Creator in the full sense of the word."

Mr. Taylor has written an excellent and valuable book within certain limitations, but the limitations are serious.

A Mood of Mind

POETRY OF THE NINETIES. With an Introductory Essay by C. E. Andrews and M. O. Percival. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by Lee Wilson Dodd

IF born to care for poetry—the essential!—one never forgets and is never uninfluenced by the verse that was being written and published during one's youth. When the variously notorious "Nineties" began, I was perhaps too young to be much affected by the contemporary; but long before they were over I knew by heart many a line now reprinted by Messrs. Andrews and Percival in their amusing anthology, and many another line not so rescued from a comparative oblivion. I recall, for example, the gusty joy that came to my father's household on the arrival of "The Seven Seas"—! Our pulses were soon throbbing in time with those imperious (perhaps one should say, imperial) rhythms, and we went about chanting fragments which still seem to me fresh and seductive after thirty years.

> For the wind has come to say:
> "You must take me while you may,
> If you'd go to Mother Carey,
> (Walk her down to Mother Carey!),
> Oh, we're bound to Mother Carey where
> she feeds her chicks at sea!"
>
> "*Heh! Walk her round*——"

Good Lord! *Has* anybody ever put more (or

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more potent) magic into our modern world than the now much sniffed-at Kipling! What matters it if he fell off later now and then from his high years of gusto and began prophesying vain things in a sort of bastard Old Testament sing-song? He had his tremendous day, rolling echoes from which are like to be lasting; and I am glad I was young then to thrill and rejoice in those first authentic stabs and flashes of heavenly fire!

(*O the blue below the little fisher-huts!*)

He could write, could Kipling!

And Henley could write:—although to my ears then, and now, except for a few spontaneous perfections, there is always a little puffiness about him, as of a very determined, full-blooded man climbing hills a little too steep for him a little too fast. And I have never been able to take "Invictus" seriously. It is one of the great humorous outbursts of the language, one of the funniest pomposities ever bellowed at the indifferent stars.

Nevertheless, Henley could write. Do you remember his sweet-breathed garden-ghosts walking "sudden and wide"—? And do you remember, in the "London Voluntaries," his

rakehell cat—how furtive and acold
A spent witch homing from some infamous dance—
Obscene, quick-trotting, see her tip and fade
Through shadowy railings into a pit of shade!

Tip and fade! The very essence of rakehell felinity! An immortal cat . . .

Yet "Poetry of the Nineties," by omitting (except for the bloody-but-unbowed mouthings) all verses by Henley written before that over-advertised decade, has done him an injustice. Surely, at least, the editors might have slipped in the "I.M.—Margaritae Sorori" of 1886, which is one, certainly, of the most beautiful brief poems in the English language, or in any language—beautiful in tone, movement, feeling, in perfect simplicity and serenity and finality of mood and phrase. And I believe, as years lengthen on and times warp and change, it is by that poem Henley will be oftenest and most gratefully remembered. If he is not so remembered for it, then the times to come will be bad times, unworthy of any song or singer.

Kipling and Henley, however, are not at all what we mean, most of us, when we speak of the "Nineties." We mean *The Yellow Book*, we mean Aubrey Beardsley. Above all, perhaps, we *should* mean William Butler Yeats, but (to his greater glory) I am not certain that we do. Rather, we mean Arthur Symons and Ernest Dowson and William Sharp-White Peacock-Fiona Macleod. Francis Thompson, like Yeats, seems to pass far beyond them—or soar above them, and to my apprehension Thomas Hardy and A. E. Housman simply do not belong in that galley at all. Oscar Wilde, whose dates as a poet are all wrong, belongs there; while Robert Bridges, the collected edition of whose "Shorter Poems" appeared in 1894, distinctly does not. For as the "Nineties" recede, they become less and less a definite period of time, and more and more (so far at least as poetry is concerned) a name for a particular attitude or mood of the mind—first and earlier cultivated, as the editors are at pains to remind us, on that *Rive Gauche* where so many particular attitudes or moods of the mind have come to birth.

Ah, Manon, say!
Expound, I pray, the mystery
Why wine-stained lip and languid eye,
And most unsaintly Maenad air,
Should move us more than all the rare
White roses of virginity?
Ah, Manon, say!

Well, there you have it. Brought up earnestly and hopefully on Browning and Tennyson, that was the special accent which excited us youngsters of the "Nineties"—lines like those; and like these—

I remember no dreams from the million years and it seems
I may live for as many million more without dreams.

And that, I fear, is still what most excites and amuses us when we think back to the "Nineties," being no longer young. Ah yes—we have been faithful to thee, Fin-De-Siècle, in our fashion!

A delightful volume!—with an analytical and informative introduction, for babes and sucklings.

It is proposed to publish a selection of the best short stories of William Maginn, the poet and story writer, to whose memory a Celtic cross was unveiled in the churchyard of Walton-on-Thames last Summer.

The Bowling Green

Translations from the Chinese

Tedium at Tea

POLITENESS has its drawbacks
You remember the old problem
Of the Seven Courteous Mandarins?

Seven Ceremonious Mandarins
Met to take tea together
In a charming pagoda.
The question of precedence arose,
None of these old-fashioned gentles
Desiring to occupy
The more honorable seats.
The keeper of the tea-house,
A low scheming fellow,
Suggested to these simple old sticklers
That they take tea together daily
Until all had been seated
In every possible arrangement.

The guileless Mandarians
Enchanted at such sociable solution
Of their honorable difficulty
Were glad to agree.
They learned too late
They had tediously condemned themselves
To assemble daily
For nearly fourteen years.

A Manchu Thursday

Three bearded encyclopaedists
Looking forth from the Imperial Library
Saw a buxom serving-wench
Trudging off, in her flowered shift,
For her Thursday Out.

One strangled himself with a rope of parchment manuscripts,
One re-edited the Confucian Analects,
One waved to her from the window
And wished her good luck.
Which of these three, inquires the puzzled commentator,
Was the real sage?

Of a Poet Who Died Young

He was master of the stop-short,
Brief poems in which the words are few
But the meaning continues in readers' hearts.
His life, too, was like that.

Stop-Short

All poems, in all tongues, in all ages,
Say always the same thing:
Here am I, darling,
But where art thou?

Another Stop-Short

But how the American barbarians
Must neglect their filial duty
That they have to appoint, by ballyhoo,
A day for honoring their Mothers.

Memo to the Pullman Company

It is not to be thought
That the American folk
Does not honor literature,
For on the Central Railroad of New Jersey
I have seen Pullman cars
Named *Jane Austen*
And *Louisa Alcott.*

Where will I see a Pullman car
Called *Emily Dickinson*
Or *Katherine Mansfield?*

John S. Quixote

My American friend was always docile:
He never opened his presents before Christmas
Nor set off his firecrackers before the Fourth of July.
He sent to Colonel Lindbergh
The telegram dictated by the Western Union.

But once, in a burst of frenzy,
He did an erroneous thing—
He tried to sell sun-dials
To people in Pittsburgh.

A Motto

Excellent fellow was that other friend of mine
Who, needing a motto for his sun-dial,
Inscribed it
I am not interested in darkness.

The Bean Pot

When we had a Chinese cook
He used to prepare wonderful messes of rice
With a pungent dark-brown sauce,
A sauce made of soy beans.

One day, after he had left,
I found, tossed away in the trash-barrel
(Where I find so many wonderful things)
That fat little earthenware pot,
Glazed brown, with short neck and stubby spout,
In which the soy sauce had come from China.

My blessèd sauce-jug! Just the thing
To hold two daffodils, or a bunch of pipe-cleaners—
Always comb the trash-barrel, Oh philosophers,
For other people's trash
Is often your treasure.

An Adventure

No man can smell the fragrance
Of his own tobacco.
The stranger by me in the smoker
Had been sitting uncomfortably close
And I couldn't guess why.
I had been gazing steadfastly out of the window
Fearing he would start a conversation,
Yet how pleased I was
When he said, "Excuse me, buddy,
But what's that stuff you're smoking?
Gee, it smells great."

Japanese Hostess

I must have quiet in my spirit
When I'm arranging my flowers.
If I am uneasy or troubled
While planning the ceremonial decoration
My flowers look anxious too.

A Whiff of Opium

This is the Season of Unanswered Letters
When drowsy Mandarins
Commission moonlights of July
Or heavy August middays
To answer all inquiries.
This is the season of Renewed Subscriptions:
Resubscribe to Laissez Faire
And leave the rest to hazard.

Thoughts in a Bath-House

My American friends
Tell me how much they love sea-bathing
And yet, every time emerging from the sport
They drench themselves in a fresh-water shower
Washing off all that tingle of salt
Which was the virtue of the plunge.

So, Oh philosophers, will your jocund students
Dive merrily in your bracing brine
But are always careful,
Before returning to daily life,
To wash away every trace
Of your salty ocean sting.

Christopher Morley.

A prize of $500 with two additional prizes of $250 each have been offered in a contest for the best poems on the subject of Lindbergh and the Spirit of St. Louis, which will be published, together with the hundred best poems, by George H. Doran Company. This contest, arranged by Mitchell Kennerley, president of the Anderson Galleries, will be judged by Mr. Kennerley, John Farrar, former editor of the *Bookman* and chief of the editorial staff of Doran's, and Christopher Morley, essayist and novelist. No limitation is placed on the number of manuscripts that may be submitted by one author, the only restrictions being that the poems shall be not less than fourteen lines nor more than 300. All contributions must be in the hands of the judges at 489 Park Avenue, New York City, not later than July 25. Queries may be addressed either to the above address or to George H. Doran Company.

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Books of Special Interest

A Law Reformer

THE LAW OF EVIDENCE. By E. W. MORGAN and OTHERS. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1927. $1.50.

Reviewed by BERNHARD KNOLLENBERG

THIS is a report on suggested changes in the Law of Evidence prepared by a Committee consisting of Dean John H. Wigmore, of Northwestern University, Judge Charles M. Hough, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, and other judges and lawyers of similar standing. The book will be of great interest to laymen as well as to members of the Bar. The newspaper reports of the trials of the Hall-Mills, "Peaches"-Browning, and other recent headline cases have revealed to the public that in this country a trial is apparently looked upon by many lawyers, and even judges, more as a sporting event than as an earnest effort to secure a correct ascertainment of the facts with the least possible delay and expense.

The principal changes recommended by the Committee are that the trial judge may require counsel to state whether there is any real controversy about any or all of the pleaded facts; and that the trial judge may express to the jury, after the close of the evidence and arguments, his opinion as to the weight and credibility of the evidence or any part of it.

Frequently, under present procedure, a trial is largely taken up with evidence in support of facts which have been denied in the pleadings but as to which there is no real controversy. This of course wastes time and befogs the real issues. Under the recommended amendment, a capable trial judge would be able to confine the evidence to matters actually in controversy.

As to the second recommendation, in all but six of the State courts a trial judge is now prohibited from commenting upon the weight or credibility of the testimony. Federal judges are not so restricted; but, it appears from the Report, a majority of federal judges follow the practice of the local courts of the state in which they sit. The argument in support of the present practice is that, if the judge is permitted to comment on the evidence, the jury will simply adopt the judge's opinion and trial by jury will be, in substance trial by the judge. In the many cases in which the evidence is sufficiently simple and comprehensible for the members of the jury to form a definite opinion concerning it, there is no reason to believe that the jury would be swayed from their opinion by the judge's comments. The American juror is not so easily overawed. However, as a result of the complicated business dealing of today, the evidence submitted to the jury in a large proportion of jury cases, is not simple or comprehensible. In such cases the jury, hopelessly lost, would probably take its cue from the judge's comments. It is surely better, however, to have such a case in effect decided by a judge whose experience and training should make it possible for him to follow and analyze the evidence, than to leave the decision of the case to the haphazard guess of a befuddled jury.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the book is the light it throws on the almost hopeless conservatism of the Bar and the startling lack of confidence which the average American lawyer has in the average American trial judge. Before formulating certain of the recommendations, the Committee obtained the written statement of hundreds of practising lawyers concerning their attitude toward the proposed recommendations. The response to these inquiries is summed up in the Report as follows:

> . . . Any relaxation of the common law rules of evidence will open the doors to fraud and perjury. In New York this is the prophecy of sixty per cent of the profession,—a prophecy based on fear without experience.
>
> . . . The answers to the questionnaire regarding the right of the judge to comment upon the weight and credibility of evidence revealed the most amazing and widespread lack of confidence of the bar in the trial bench. Many of those lawyers who approve the privilege of such comment in theory, who believe it works well in England, who think that on the whole it is satisfactorily exercised in the Federal Courts, are unwilling to extend it to the elective judges of the several states. There seems to be a settled conviction that the average trial bench of the states contains too many judges of poor education and unsound judgment, to say nothing of instability of character or plain dishonesty.

Advance in medicine and the sciences proceed apace while reform in the law lags far behind because the man of original thought in medicine can, in spite of the skepticism of his fellow practitioners and of the laity, demonstrate the soundness of his ideas and secure their adoption. Lister, convinced that "wound fever" resulted from bacteria and could be eliminated by complete asepsis, tried out his hypotheses on the patients under his care and proved the soundness of his theory. A trial judge of a state court, firmly and rightly convinced that comments on the evidence would result in juster verdicts, who should put his theory into practice, would achieve nothing; his ruling would simply be reversed by the Appellate Court. Unless and until he can procure legislation changing the rules of evidence, his hands are tied. Yet it is difficult to secure legislation until the soundness of his theory is demonstrated. The path of the law reformer is indeed a thorny one!

A Romantic

PIERRE LOTI: THE ROMANCE OF A GREAT WRITER. By E. D. D'AUVERGNE. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by CLEVELAND B. CHASE

PIERRE LOTI is one of the few great writers of the last generation who have not yet found a suitable biographer. In France, it is true, MM. Mariel and Serban have devoted monographs to him, and M. Giraud, in his "Les Maîtres de l'Heure" has sketched out some of his more obvious characteristics, but none of these works pretend to be exhaustive. Mr. D'Auvergne's biography has the merit of being a full-length study carried out in a lively and often amusing manner. It touches upon the important episodes of his life and gives explanatory details in a lucid and scholarly manner. In particular we are reminded that Captain Julien Viaud was a conscientious and hard working sailor whom not even riches and the literary fame of "Pierre Loti" could detach from the service. It is the most complete biography yet to appear, but it is in no way definitive.

The author is intimately acquainted with Loti's voluminous writings. As these are, almost without exception, merely the history of his life, of his voyages, and, especially, of his loves, Mr. D'Auvergne has had only to transform names and to rearrange chronological sequences to possess adequate biographical material.

Such a method, highly dangerous in the case of almost any other writer, is quite safe in the present instance. When Loti, in his address upon his introduction into the French Academy, shocked Paris by confessing that he never read, he was telling the literal truth. He was interested neither in the writings of his contemporaries nor in those of the masters of the past. As a result his work was as little influenced as that of any novelist in history.

Due to his habit of never reading, and, consequently, of never imitating, Loti's diary became an important factor in his literary development. Because of it he became accustomed to express himself in flowing descriptive passages. It is far easier for one to jot down what has happened than to reconstruct dreams or imaginary events. The pleasure he got from description in turn caused him to remember in vivid detail even the most fugitive impressions.

But Loti—and again one comes upon the introspective influence of the diary—was not interested in the objective world for itself. When he travelled he had no curiosity about natives, their manners and customs, their industries, their arts, their intellectual or economic lives. Wherever he went he saw things as though he were the first person ever to see them. Thus his writing is vivid and gripping because of its spontaneity, its exuberance, its gusto, and because of his intense joy in life.

Unfortunately the present biography is devoid of these very qualities. It covers the facts of Loti's life adequately enough; it is often amusing; it is direct and lucid; but it seems to lack all feeling for Loti's personality. When Mr. D'Auvergne tells us about the intensity of Loti's experiences, about his zest, he gives the impression of a man talking glibly about something entirely outside his experience. He is intrigued and charmed by Loti, but he fails utterly to realize his uniqueness as a man and as a writer. He gives us the details of the episodes of Loti's life. The much more important question of what beauty and what ecstacy he derived from these often callous or even sordid experiences is never even hinted at. It is extraordinary that a book so entirely devoid of emotion could have been written about so emotional a writer.

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PEREGRINUS WINDESPRANG. By ANTON MAYER. Berlin: Horen-Verlag. 1927.

OBERSTADT. By DIERCK SEEBERG. Leipzig: H. Haessel. 1927.

HERR SCHNITZLER has without a doubt made himself the master of the technique of the "long-short-story." His two previous works, "Fräulein Else" and "Traumnovelle," were in this category, and their technical mastery, in a new and original style, has been generally acknowledged, not only by German critics, but by English and American reviewers of the English versions. In his latest book Schnitzler has dropped what one might call the "interior-psychological" method of telling a story, the method by which one is left doubtful at the conclusion whether all the episodes have occurred inside or outside the mind of the chief character in the story, and has given an entirely realistic narrative. All the old technical skill, however, is here. The "gamble in the early morning" is the game of baccarat which an Austrian officer plays in the attempt to save a fellow-officer from a disgraceful bankruptcy. He wins, then loses, then wins handsomely, then gets entangled in the fascination of the play until he himself, too, is faced with utter ruin or disgrace unless he can raise a large sum of money. He appeals, after a mental struggle, to his uncle. But he has made over all his fortune to his wife, whom the officer discovers to have been a former mistress. He appeals to her, and she goes to see him. But she has now become the hard business woman, and merely leaves him a thousand gulden, "for the evening's entertainment." It will just cover the debt of the fellow-officer, and the young man who is hero of the story shoots himself, the remainder of the money necessary reaching him the following morning too late from his uncle's wife. The way in which the crescendo of intensity is contrived is the most admirable feature of this story. The characters, except the woman, are not very vital and on analysis we find it is chiefly the external technique of this story that we are carried away by. But that a mere manipulation of puppets could so grip the emotions—this is in itself a tribute to Schnitzler's genius as a narrator.

Heinrich Mann presents us with a far more vital study, though he does not possess the Austrian novelist's technical accomplishment. His "Mutter Marie" is a woman of lower social rank who has an illegitimate child; she carries it to a stream, leaves it on the bank, sees it carried into the house of a general near by, and thereafter loses sight of her son. He grows up believing the general and his wife to be his father and mother. The real mother, pursuing her adventures, gains wealth, social rank, title. Then a longing to find her son and get his acknowledgement takes possession of her. At last she succeeds, and the story is an account of her struggles, with the supposititious parents, the Princess the young man wants to marry, the hard business man who attempts to buy the Princess from the General. The real mother's intensity of love and jealousy is portrayed with remarkable skill, and there is a long scene in the confessional which is less fanciful and sentimental than such episodes usually are in romantic fiction. But entirely convincing the whole story certainly is not.

An air of absolute reality is cast round Herr Flake's story by the extraordinary matter-of-fact way in which he treats unusual incidents. The villa of the story is situated on the banks of the Arno, and it is to this that eventually come a number of young couples, whose indifference to the ordinary moral code, though resolved at the end by the growth of some kind of ordinary permanent affection, can only be described as shocking. In the evenly-told story a murder by a young girl in defense of her "honor," if such an old-fashioned term may be admitted, passes as a mere episode, and one would do well to treat the novel not as a narrative but as a kind of *kulturbiologisch* document reflecting a certain side of Western society. The book is dominated by the figure of Ruland, hero of a former novel with that title, a German-Alsatian who stands outside the German mind of today sufficiently to criticize and philosophize about it in a remarkably acute and penetrating fashion.

In Herr Sudermann's latest novel there is more of the narrative texture than in Herr Flake's, though its actual value also lies less in the story than in the picture it gives of a certain state of society. The "tolle Professor" of the title is a would-be successor of Kant in the Chair of Philosophy at the University of Königsberg, in the time of Bismarck. A well-known German review has stated that it is an absolute *Schlüsselroman* and that the characters can be identified. This the non-German reader can well afford to pass over, remarking only that in this case the picture of German university life in the 'seventies, with its jealousies, its intrigues, and its frankly unorthodox moral code becomes all the more remarkable. Perhaps, however, the Professor is an exception. His life is a perpetual conflict between sensuousness and academic ambition. He does not hesitate to lead even his young students into sensual adventures, and the frustration of both sides of his ambition finally brings him to self-murder. By comparison with Herr Flake's novel Herr Sudermann's seems old-fashioned, in both technique and intellectual outlook. But the interest is sustained to the end.

Even more old-fashioned is Herr Frenssen's narrative. In form it is a long, detailed *Bildungsroman*, and its characters have no extraordinary passions, no overwhelmingly disturbing ambitions. After the hectic atmosphere of the two preceding novels this carefully-drawn picture of life in a North German village may seem boring, or a relief, according to the reader's taste. Personally we declare for the latter. A German reviewer has called it "the German 'David Copperfield'" and it does indeed resemble Dickens's masterpiece not only in length. It carries us back to a world where the name of Freud has not been heard, and "inhibitions" were too commonplace a characteristic to have acquired a special label. Herr Anton Mayer's novel is also a *Bildungsroman*, avowedly modeled on Gottfried Keller's famous "Grüne Heinrich." By an original device the keynote is struck by a preliminary short story, in itself a remarkable first attempt at narrative, and the story that follows of a young man's reaction, passionate and intellectual, to the beauty of Florence gives much promise.

"Dierck Seeberg" is admittedly a pseudonym, said to conceal the name of a well-known German industrialist, or at least a man who has intimate first-hand knowledge of German *Schwerindustrie*. After reading the novel we are quite prepared to admit the claim. We are given a series of glimpses into the board-rooms and the directors' private meetings of important Rhineland enterprises. Certain figures, such as August Thyssen, are presented without disguise; in others, such as the Stinnes hierarchy, the concealment is easily penetrated. The essential interest of the story lies in the picture it gives of the conflict between personal industry and the impersonal, limited-company direction which has been forced on Rhineland enterprises in the past few years by the banker and the international financier. In this change the personal industrialist, as we may label him, the man who, like his father and grandfather before him, has built up an enormous business by sheer application of technical skill, sees only disaster, to himself, to his family, and to society at large. The gigantic trade-unions, in his view, are the mere tools of capital in the unification of industry, the intensive exploitation of brains and real technical skill in the interests of dividends and company promotion. This process must kill individual enterprise, it must also, for the sake of its very existence, spread indefinitely, thus squeezing out agriculture or bringing that enterprise, too, under the sway of the industrial system.

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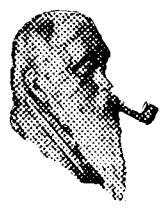

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GOOD BOOKS

Points of View

Romanticism

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

In his front-page article, "Perennial Romanticism," under date of June 25th, Mr. Ernest Sutherland Bates writes all around the idea of romanticism in literature without giving his readers—or at any rate, this reader—any clear-cut definition of the word "romanticism," or of its cognate, "romance." I hope it is not presumptuous to suggest that romance and realism are not conditioned upon verisimilitude of presentation: indeed, it seems to me obvious that they are not, and that the romanticists Hugo and Dickens—to go back to writers of large output—were as factual and detailed as the realist Zola.

The real difference, I think, is not one of method but of feeling. The romanticist sees and delineates pretty much the same things which the realist does, with this difference, that the romanticist has and expresses an emotion in relation to his subject: he kneads his own personal reactions into his work, so that it is never purely objective, as the realist's is. It is unfair to the romanticist to say that he merely prettifies, or dreams, or ignores the disagreeable. He may do so, of course, just as certain degraded realists find no material suitable for presentation except that which is malodorous and diseased. These are the extremists: in between are the careful artists of both schools—the romanticists whose work is colored by personality, and the realists who refuse to admit personal bias or emotion into what they intend to be pure objective portrayal. The difference in effect is that which we find between painting and monochrome drawing: one is warm and the other cold, but both may be correct representations within the limits of the medium chosen.

If this be true, then Mr. Sinclair Lewis is no novelist, but a man who paints in the vivid colors of his own convictions. Neither are the majority of our modern writers realists, for that matter. Mrs. Winslow—one of whose books is ably analyzed in the same number of the Review—*is* a realist, and the critic holds it as a fault that she has no inner vision of what the characters should be. But it is just that absence of the optative which makes a realist, and its presence the romanticist. I wonder if Mr. Bates would concede this.

Brooklyn. J. M. HAMILTON.

The Class-War

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Is it permissible that an author, returning home on a train, should indite a somewhat illegible letter in protest against a somewhat unsatisfactory review of his book?

That Professor R. G. Tugwell should consider my novel, "Oil!" very bad and its characters "automatic," is his right, and my hard luck; but that he should miss my motives and plainly stated point of view seems to me a matter for correction. The Professor says: "The feeling of a race winning its standards by sweat and in the dire dilemmas of thought is no part of Mr. Sinclair's Utopian conception." Well, it seems to Mr. Sinclair that he has no conception but this, and that it is so stated on every page of his novel.

There are two "heroes," as they are called, in "Oil!" One of them is a working-class boy who sets out to train himself as a scientist, and then, discovering the class-struggle, turns that same scientific sternness to the bigger task of discovering a method of working-class emancipation. That Professor Tugwell calls it "operating on the principle of soap-box oratory" is simply his own ignorance of the class-struggle, and his inability to understand the most exact and detailed picture of its realities ever given in American fiction.

The other "hero" is a rich man's son who devotes his spare time in college to trying to understand these same realities, which his subsidized instructors are trying to keep hidden from him—as they generally do in American colleges, and evidently did in the case of Professor Tugwell. This boy endows and helps to edit a little weekly paper—and what does Professor Tugwell think of the contents of that paper? Not very much, evidently; but to me, and my hero, and his working-class comrade and wife-to-be, the contents of that paper are exactly described by Professor Tugwell's phrases, "the feeling of a race winning its standards by sweat and in the dire dilemmas of thought." Only one word would have to be changed in the above; "race" would have to be "class"—and there again we have the measure of your reviewer's mind. He is one of those who deny that there are any "classes" in America, and when you point out plain economic facts, he calls it "disturbing the roots of hate"! Let the roots alone, says the professor—so that they may produce a new crop of hate every season!

At the end of the story my hero, "Bunny," and his comrade, "Rachel," are founding a labor college, where the students are to work half-time with their hands, and produce what they consume. Does Professor Tugwell imagine that they will not "sweat" at this life? And does he think they will not face "the dire dilemmas of thought"? This fictional college is modeled upon a real one, Commonwealth, at Mena, Arkansas. Has the professor ever heard of it? Has he ever investigated its standards, to learn what discipline it is giving to its working class boys and girls? No, it wouldn't do any good, because to the professor it would all be "operating on the principle of soap-box oratory," and "disturbing the roots of hate."

It seems to me that the revolutionary thesis of my novel has roused in your reviewer such bitter prejudice that he has been incapable of understanding my plainest words; and in so behaving, he has proved my class-war thesis one more time.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Gissing Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

How Mr. Morley warmed my heart by his "Notes on George Gissing," in a recent *Saturday Review of Literature!* No, I never knew Gissing in the flesh, but I know him in the shadowy realm of thought.

"The Odd Women" is a favorite volume, I happened to find it in the cheap Nelson Edition when abroad in 1912. If I admit the absurdity of the first thirty pages, will Mr. Morley admit their truth? Even now men neglect to insure their lives until it is too late. Even in the present day a happy group may gather about the light to hear a poem read aloud, and one of them go out and never return alive. If you have ever observed large families you must notice that the survival of the fittest is very keen. Still I do think Isabel might have been allowed to drag out her existence in the Board Schools a little longer. There are certain ones, however, in any large family who are foredoomed.

But after the setting is given nothing could be finer than the clear, merciless description of the efforts of the three remaining sisters—the world is full of such figures. I seldom ride on a street car without seeing an Alice out to do the family marketing or shopping—Virginia was ambitious—she had a scholarly turn of mind. We can see her toiling over the ecclesiastical histories when she should have been sleeping. Perhaps she hoped to write a short and comprehensive history of the use of women teachers of Church history. Her descent from the narrow way is drawn in a masterly manner. To me her sweet and refined nature shows in spite of everything. What is more pathetic and amusing than the reasons they give for dining off rice or potatoes? No wonder Virginia craved a little brandy—you noticed that the slice of beef at Rhoda's had much the same effect? For my part I believe Virginia was ultimately cured and joined Rhoda and Mary, with happy visits to see little Monica and her dear Clevedon!

Monica's fate is severe indeed, and the master has drawn the heart and conduct of a philandering lover with more truth and exactness than a hundred French novels. I do not believe Alice was spared only to look after the baby. Little Monica might have been sent to an institution or handed over to Mrs. Luke—No, the kindness in Gissing's heart realized a clearer truth,—that sometimes the awkward, overworked, forlorn female does slip into a place of responsibility and trust, and the end of her days better deserve the name of living. With all Mr. Morley [illegible] Rhoda I agree. The whole book [illegible] world of women, of the sort one s[illegible] a reality and seldom in fiction. [illegible]ives and has a being. Even less [illegible]ers such as Winifred and her au[illegible] mother of the lovesick wine me[illegible]

I am glad that Mary [illegible] Rhoda devote themselves to the misfortunes of gentlefolks—there are few indeed who do that. When I go into an office hoping to meet the unpersonal, stolid gaze of a man, and instead find a nervous (or bold) silly, uneducated girl, I am annoyed—girls are unsuitable in most offices. But going home I read a few chapters of "The Odd Women" and resign mystelf to what is only an annoying phase of a general advance. I thank you for the pleasure Mr. Morley's paper has given me, it was like a talk with a friend.

E. A.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Exception Taken

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Permit me to take exception to certain statements in an otherwise admirable review of my work written by Mr. Herbert S. Gorman and printed in your issue of June eighteenth.

Mr. Gorman speaks of my "brightly malicious" nature and my "emphatic disgust for the commonplaces and courtesies of polite living." I would be the last to claim an attitude of angelic composure, but during the ten years in which I have peered at the American literary scene, with all of its politics, open grudges, clique-warfares, and confoundings of personal reaction with impersonal judgment, I have come to the quaint opinion that whatever malice I may posses is, if anything, considerably less than that which I have observed around me. Also, Mr. Gorman is in error regarding the disgust which he singles out. It is directed against the hypocrisies and boredoms often prevailing in existences whose politeness may not be as consistent as Mr. Gorman imagines. Again, concerning the foot-note to which Mr. Gorman objects, if any writer considers it an honor to be rejected by a particular magazine, I cannot see why he lacks the right to make public his opinion. If this opinion occurs outside of an essay, or critique, he may be violating the somewhat stodgy image of seriousness held by many people because he does not believe that every separate matter needs to be one-colored within itself.

O spurn the shout for consistency
Floating from every concealed
Dungeon known to men. . . .

A very occasional prank in the midst of seriousness may be cinnamon in the bowl.

I have no quarrel with Mr. Gorman's assertion that my last two novels exhibit a half-reluctant desire to meet the popular impulse around me. They are much more simply written than my verse because they hold a broader and less ironical content-matter, but they were certainly not written with any conscious longing to compromise with surrounding tastes, though Mr. Gorman has a right to his contradictory opinion. The claim that I was not designed, by nature or my own inclinations, to be a popular writer, is a compliment to me, though it may exclude me from preference by Literary Guilds and Book-of-the-Month Clubs, membership in literary societies, and material comforts. Also, I did not claim that American critics have ever ignored my work. I have always had certain emphatic admirers among American critics, and even my critical enemies have never resorted to anything as crude and open as complete snubbing—their methods have been invective and distortion, or, in the case of weeklies and newspaper literary-pages, the practice of reviewing my books *from nine months to one year after their publication.* Everyone knows, of course, that a very belated review is of little service to a book, as far as the attraction of readers is concerned, and that materially successful books are *always* those promptly noticed and *ballyhooed by sources with large circulations.* In conclusion, I cannot understand why Mr. Gorman believes that I may have been pained to discover his fondness for my work, since I listed him, in the preface to "Returning to Emotion," as one of the critics who would recommend that volume of verse! Unlike many American critics, editors, and authors, I never confuse personal and impersonal reactions.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM.

Woodstock, N. Y.

Italy, like America, has its child prodigies, and strangely enough the most recent one in the literary world is an American by birth. Annemar Togett, which is a *nom-de-plume*, has published in her "I Misteri del Mondo Fatato" (Florence: Bemporad), a collection of original fairy tales which have the charm and the drollery that only a child's mind could convey. The stories are remarkably well written and well constructed.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

THE JEW IN DRAMA. By M. J. LANDA. Morrow. 1927. $3.50.

Mr. M. J. Landa has accomplished his task gracefully. With a scholarly ease and penetrating erudition, freed of all provocative racial idiosyncrasies, he has sketched in detail the metamorphoses of the character of the Jew as he appeared from the age of the medieval morality and mystery plays until our own day of Maugham's "Lady Frederick," Arnold Bennett's "London Life," and "Potash and Perlmutter."

Especially interesting is Mr. Landa's treatment of Elizabethan drama. It is during this period that the character of the Jew was painted in blackest colors—inspired, no doubt, by the caricatures drawn by Gosson, Marlowe, and Shakespeare. And this period is discussed with such a scholarly diligence that in three terse chapters Mr. Landa has done greater justice to his material than did even Mr. Cardozo in a huger work, "The Jew in Elizabethan Drama." Mr. Landa was better equipped than Mr. Cardozo to discuss this era's treatment of the Jew. Versed, as Mr. Landa is, in Talmudic wisdom, Rabbinic law, and Hebrew statutes he has the power to prove with facility that the accusations heaped on the Jew by Marlowe and Shakespeare simply could not be true—since they were contradictory to Jewish laws.

Mr. Landa concludes this work optimistically. With a few scattered and insignificant exceptions, the Jew is no longer a target for venomous slander in our modern drama. The Marlowes and Shakespeares of our day—if there are any—would never stoop to such degrading calumny. The Jew, for the most part, has been made human, stripped of those barbaric mannerisms and despicable traits that have so caused mirth through the centuries. In drama, at least—if not in life—we have attained a much-coveted goal. Religion and its believers are treated with a human tolerance and broad-mindedness.

ASSAR JOURNAL OF UNDERGRADUATE STUDIES. Vol. 2, May, 1927. Poughkeepsie: Vassar College.

This seems to be a new idea, an undergraduate counterpart of the "Columbia Studies," or the "Johns Hopkins Studies." The contributions are undergraduate, the editorship presumably by the faculty. As a matter of educational stimulus it ought to be more effective than most academic honors. At any rate, whether or not the Vassar undergraduate would rather have an article in the Journal than an A in any examination, it seems quite certain that she learns to better result by working up an article than working for an examination. All one's experience points to that. Not only do your facts stay by you, but you learn method.

The contributions in this number are varied: "Statistics of the Earnings of Undergraduates at Vassar;" "The Legal Obligations between China and Great Britain;" Conditions Underlying the Spread of Religion" (anthropological); followed by five literary and three scientific articles. They are all somewhat in the manner of the simple minded thesis, but comparing the *Journal* with most undergraduate publications, there appears an unexpected solidity. The curriculum may perhaps be made a better background than "student life" for undergraduate writings. The Vassar lead ought to be followed.

Fiction

EN CULLITON. By NELIA GARDNER WHITE. Appleton. 1927. $2.

This novel presents the noble,—and sentimentalized,—figure of a farm woman who is compelled to do a quantity of disagreeable things all her life, until at an age deserving of a peaceful retirement, she is forced to do a great many more to save her children from domestic entanglements. In addition she mothers the entire community, talks in admirable farm dialect, and achieves a poignant death-scene. All the ingredients for a good cry are provided in this book.

HULE AGRA. By KATHLEEN COYLE. Dutton. 1927. $2.

Miss Coyle has attempted to combine the romance of Ireland with its abundant sentiment, and the modern novel of introspection. The result is somewhat odd, but not always uninteresting. The heroine acts in the manner of Charles Lever after speculation in that of Dorothy Richardson,—both, of course, somewhat modified for popular consumption. There is considerable very bad writing, and at times a really striking phrase or thought, which seems to prove that Miss Coyle's true talent lies less in attempting improbable literary alliances than in writing her own books, which would surely be far more charming and far better written than this artificial product.

TOMEK THE SCULPTOR. By ADELAIDE EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Little, Brown. 1927. $2.50.

Miss Phillpotts's new novel begins on a farm in Bohemia, where her hero, Josef Tomek, destined to be a famous sculptor, is born. A series of neat contrasts in the setting of his story carries him to Vienna and eventually to London. These backgrounds are brightly indicated, and the incidental characters are perhaps more successful than the leading one. The excessive concentration of the entire book about a single figure is not entirely fortunate, for Miss Phillpotts's talent is undoubtedly better suited to the descriptive and the narrative rather than the analytical vein. She has put a great deal of sincere feeling into her full-length portrait of an artist, as well as much convincing detail, but the medium does not suit her as well as that of "Lodgers in London." Tomek's mother is the most skilful secondary character; in her the peasant qualities which seem exaggerated in her son, become natural attributes. The ability of the author is nowhere so apparent as in those parts of the story dealing with the old woman. For the rest, the book scarcely rises above the mediocre. The urge to self-expression, slightly tinged with sentiment, is not the most satisfactory material for a novel.

THE WOMAN WHO STOLE EVERYTHING: And Other Stories. By ARNOLD BENNETT. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1927. $2.50.

Here are thirteen short stories by Arnold Bennett. Except for the title-story, which runs for seventy pages, all are of normal length. In merit they vary tremendously, as is inevitable in a collection of pieces culled from four years' work for magazines. Infrequently there is a flash of the real Bennett, the incomparable Bennett, but for the most part we find merely good writing, swift, penetrating, varied. Occasionaly triviality and dulness reign.

Three of the stories have considerable interest as sketches of character developing and revealing itself under stress. Included in this group is "The Woman Who Stole Everything," with its Cora Ussher, a splendid, unscrupulous example of the marauding female. Then there is "Middle-Aged," excellent in its setting forth of the advantages of a certain jealousy between husband and wife in the middle forties. "A Place in Venice" is more conventional than the other two, but it is far superior to the average anthologized short story.

"What I Have Said I Have Said" might be included in one of Chesterton's volumes without awakening any suspicions. The conception of an eminent gentleman's standing on a London curb for hours on end, waiting as a matter of principle for a bus that he knows will not come, is mildly insane and wholly delightful. Mr. Bennett builds up the mad notion without a slip. But the triumph of this volume is "Death, Fire, and Life." It is powerful in its subtlety, in its wracking descriptions of poverty, in its tribute to the eternal gallantry that is such an inexplicable part of human nature. No one with a feeling for mankind will read it without being moved toward tears.

SUN AND MOON. By VINCENT H. GOWEN. Little, Brown. (Atlantic Monthly Press). 1927. $2.50.

Chinese customs and civilization do not get fair treatment in this novel, which was written by a missionary. We see only the shadows in the picture, for by implication every Chinese influence is bad, leading the characters away from desirable Occidental manners and points of view. The story deals with an English widower who goes native, invests heavily in mistresses, wives, and concubines (how Mr. Gowen delights in the wicked ways of these women!), and tries to bring up his two children by the English marriage as Orientals. The wedding of an English girl to a Chinese youth is the climax of the narrative; Mr. Gowen goes into the details of the ceremonies and spares us nothing. The novel is not skilful, nor is it forceful enough to hold our attention for long. Louise Jordan Miln has done the same sort of thing much better, and with a surprisingly greater sympathy.

CRAZY PAVEMENTS. By BEVERLEY NICHOLS. Doran. 1927.

High society and low morals are pleasantly entwined in Mr. Nichols's latest novel, "Crazy Pavements." This young man, who last year gave us a book of entertaining memoirs shortly after his twenty-fifth birthday, has apparently seen a good deal of nastiness; but he must have had an immense amount of fun. It is doubtful whether a report of vice and corruption could be less seductive than Mr. Nichols's, for decadence in his novel is at best pitiable and unlovely. In the course of these pages we find ourselves in company with (among other types) nymphomaniacs, homosexualists, sadists, and drug-addicts. But having been introduced to them by Mr. Nichols, we do not despise them; we do not clothe ourselves in protective indignation, nor do we lust after their pleasures and privileges. In short, here is a novel that casts clear illumination into filthy corners, but the author is so decent about it all that we have no quarrel with him or with his material.

The narrative takes a poor journalist into an orchidaceous stratum of London's West End. Ingenuous, attractive, quick to learn, he becomes the latest fad; he is taken to week-ends and parties until the emotional strain becomes unbearable, the artificial bonds collapse, and he finds himself back where he started from. Mr. Nichols is an instinctive artist; nowhere in this pilgrimage is there false sentiment or weakly constructed plot. Throughout, there are qualities so maturely blended that we remember only with difficulty the novelist's youth. "Crazy Pavements" combines technical dexterity and substantial matter with smart gaiety; it is an extremely encouraging book. Mr. Nichols has come far from his Oxonian puerilities. Given the added weight of a few more years and a continuously widening horizon, his writing will demand serious consideration. At present it is very good indeed.

ONE OF THESE DAYS. By MICHAEL TRAPPES-LOMAX. Doran. 1927. $2.50.

When we come across such a good first novel as "One of These Days" we immediately abandon our proper business of book reviewing and speculate upon the future of the newly discovered author. In the present case the mood of conjecture is decidedly optimistic; Mr. Trappes-Lomax has literary brains, instinctive good taste, and an original, light touch. Certain undeniable faults seem due to inexperience rather than to lack of ability; they are inconspicuous, however, beside his excellences.

The novel is the chronicle of a single day in the life of a house party on the Riviera. Assorted characters provide humor, and a pleasant friction comes from the clash of unlike temperaments. Incidents often farcical keep the narrative at a constantly high pitch of interest. Behind the flow of the story is a convincing background of Monte Carlo, Mentone, and the Mediterranean. The one day is given some continuity by a protracted proposal of marriage; everything is very unimportant but surprisingly amusing. Mr. Trappes-Lomax has surely impressed his personality upon the novel, with a most fortunate result for all concerned.

THE LONGEST SHADOW. By JEFFERY E. JEFFERY. Little, Brown. 1927. $2.

Philip Queste was a "romantic-minded fool." In that statement we can see the course of the novel. Mr. Jeffery puts this romantic youth in post-war England and watches him squirm as blast after blast of cold reality sweeps down upon his tender-mindedness. The fool falls in love as we expect him to, he assumes quixotic obligations that bring about his ruin, and he limps away at the end of the novel to begin his poor life again. We know, as Mr. Jeffery knows, that the effort is vain; outside of the kingdom of sugary fiction there is for such a soul no home. Certainly the novel is honest and painstaking, and, if it were read, might conceivably do substantial good by its statement of tragedy. It loses force, however, by being a little dull and plodding; we long for the sure lightness of touch that we found in "An Octave," one

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

of Mr. Jeffery's earlier novels. Purposeful seriousness is commendable in itself, but it should not lack, as it does here, a full-blooded narrative and an occasional change of pace.

AN INDIAN DAY. By EDWARD THOMPSON. Knopf. 1927. $2.50.

Mr. Thompson's study of race antagonisms and conflicts in India,—for it can scarcely be called a novel,—is carefully thought out, and in the main capably expressed. In its characters and patern his book recalls Forster's "A Passage to India." While it is difficult to accord an equal praise and consideration to "An Indian Day," it is nevertheless clear that Mr. Thompson's viewpoint is sympathetic and comparable in many ways with that of Mr. Forster. Both writers are broad minded, admitting the merits as well as the mistakes of British officialdom, and considering the Swarajist movement less as a revolutionary party than as the outward showing of an inward state of the Indian mind. Mr. Thompson has succeeded, often to a high degree, in making the attitude of his Eastern characters comprehensive to the Westerner. There is, perhaps, something a trifle depressing in the fatalism with which he finally dismisses the hope that the two races can ever find a common ground, or live together in India with mutual benefit and understanding.

The thread of narrative running through the book is an aid in the author's discussions of India, rather than the dominating motive for the book. There is a great charm and the savor of truth about many of his descriptions and most of his people. In particular, the leading figure, a British judge with nationalist leanings, who in his desire to be fair-minded falls between both parties, is excellently drawn, as well as thoroughly useful as a symbol of the author's conclusions. Behind him the vast, unhealthy stirrings and questionings of the land are felt. Mr. Thompson's book is worthy of an attention greater than it will, in all probability, receive.

WHEN MANKIND WAS YOUNG. By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN. New York: Doubleday, Page. 1927. $2 net.

The excursions of the fiction-writer into the prehistoric past—those of Jack London, for example—are likely to seem amateurish and unconvincing. Mr. Austin's stories come up to the level of good magazine material. They would do for *Adventure* or *Liberty* or the *Saturday Evening Post*. He has a certain gift of verisimilitude, a reckless imagination, and a highly colored style. Unquestionably the professional archæologist would smile at a good deal of the "science" he displays in these tales of the Piltdown man, of the Paleolithic age, of Egypt in the time of Khufu, of the Druids when Stonehenge was young, and so on. But for the ordinary uncritical reader who wants to be amused and who finds a distinct thrill in the juxtaposition of a prehistoric man and a sabre-toothed tiger, or a beautiful Egyptian youth and a priest with a bloody knife, the stories will serve their purpose.

Mr. Austin begins with the history of "Killing Stone" and the Pitecanthorpus men and women of his little clan; he ends with the story of the first Vikings to be storm-blown across the Atlantic to the American coast. The intervening stories are intended to picture successive stages of man's advance from the level of beasts to a rudimentary form of civilization. Perhaps the best is "The Covered Wagon—2,000 B.C." which deals with the sweep of the first Aryan invaders, the founders of the Hellenic race, into Greece. In such tales as "Midsummer at Stonehenge" Mr. Austin makes good use of materials drawn in part from Fraser's "Golden Bough." His plots are simple, his psychology is elementary, he plays up what is hair-raising and lurid. But his verve never fails, and this makes a good book for the smoking car.

CONFETTI. By SOPHIE KERR. Doran. 1927. $2.

Sophie Kerr writes with so much subtlety and artistry that despite the fact that the pattern of her stories sometimes becomes a little obvious, there is genuine pleasure in reading a group of tales such as "Confetti." There is little that is deep or penetrating, but the author thoroughly understands the various phases of American life from the Greenwich Village would-be-writer to the farmhand. Indeed interest in the characters sometimes overshadows the plot.

The book has been cleverly divided into four parts. The first three stories have for their subject matter the effects of greed and good cooking upon various individuals. The author's description of palatal delicacies is enough to make any reader's mouth water. In these three stories marked originality is shown in Miss Kerr's treatment of her subject matter.

SWORD AND CANDLE. By SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL. Bobbs-Merrill. 1927. $2.

Mr. Small, who wrote a very good story of successive American generations in "Fourscore," here turns to a historical romance of early California. His theme is worthy of Cunninghame-Graham. He tells how Fernando Rivera de Moncado, starting almost 150 years ago from the mission of San Miguel in Sonora, Mexico, led northward the expedition which founded Los Angeles. Burning heat, thirst, hunger, fatigue, the stinging sands of the desert, the constant menace of assassination and torture by the Indians—all this De Rivera and his men had to endure. They took the harsh desert route, instead of the safe and fairly comfortable highway through lower California, because the mission pueblos on the Colorado River needed supplies; and they burdened themselves with a wretched lot of colonists who wished protection. It was a fearful ordeal. When they finally reached the Colorado and plunged in to slake their thirst they were more dead than alive. Here they seemed safe; yet just here disaster finally overtook them and overwhelmed De Rivera and his bravest companions. The final pages, with their picture of battle and heroic sacrifice, are the best in the book.

The book suffers somewhat from its staccato style and constant elisions; it lacks vivid character drawing—even De Rivera remains a rather shadowy figure. Mr. Small has not attained the level of interest and significance that he reached in "Fourscore." But as a piece of history the rapid narrative, with frequent bits of biting description, is excellent.

THE EYE IN ATTENDANCE. By VALENTINE WILLIAMS. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $2.

Frankie Barleston, broken-down English gentleman, spendthrift, gambler, drunkard, is driven into a desperate corner by his chief creditor, Basil Stanismore, M.P., who proposes that he will cancel Frankie's debt and place him on financial legs again if Frankie will hand over to Stanismore his (Frankie's) lovely wife, Alix. The lady herself is not consulted on the matter, but Basil hies him to the country-house where she is visiting relatives, and brazenly divulges to her his offer. Of course she spurns him for the dastardly hound he is, whilst, eavesdropping upon the pair, bibulous Frankie overhears their conference. A day or two later, Stanismore is found murdered near the country-house (we are not fooled into believing that Frankie is the slayer), Inspector Manderton arrives to take charge of the case, and a perfectly conventional, but intensely baffling detective story is well under way.

RUSTLE OF SPRING. By CLARE CAMERON. Doran. 1927. $2.

One should patiently resist the inclination to fall asleep over the early chapters of these "Simple Annals of a London Girl," for later in the book one's perseverance seems to meet with a generous deferred reward. The work appears to be the author's autobiography from childhood to her twentieth year, the story of an idealistic girl's ceaseless struggle to escape the drab poverty of her mean suburban home and attain her dreams of freedom, beauty, love. There was slight incentive in that narrow environment for her gifts' natural expression—Pa being a kindly, somnolent failure, Ma a kitchen slave, and their circle of intimates on a plane akin to these oppressively stolid people. The lonely girl longed for the woods, the open country, wild nature, to which she fled when rare opportunity offered. Meanwhile, from sixteen on, she toiled at petty tasks in London offices, reading the great books, scribbling verses, ever hoping that the worst was over. Lacking comeliness of person, she was not bothered by the boys, but men of years and intelligence were quick to recognize the talented order of her mind. The author writes the story of this seemingly real girl's life with a fervid and humorless sincerity, gushing over a bit in ecstatic moments, but generally depicting her heroine as a very human and easily comprehensible member of her sex.

STAR OF THE HILLS. By WILDER ANTHONY. Macaulay. 1927. $2.

The scene of this high-falutin' yarn is southern California in 1846, just prior to the disputed territory's American annexation. Two young ex-army officers are dispatched to the affected region by the government for the purpose of spying on the separate factions involved in the controversy. The intrepid pair meet adventures fit to turn their hair gray—Spanish, American, and Mexican villains, with their bands of mercenaries, launching repeated, but fruitless, assaults upon their lives. Considering the materials from which the tale is spun, it is a passable production, but its strong juvenile smack restrains us from a sweeping commendation of the book to adult readers.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF RODERIC FYFE. By JOHN OXENHAM. Longmans, Green. 1927. $2.

This Roderic Fyfe, who tells in the first person of the major events of his first twenty-five years, was a decent, colorless youth. We suspect that Mr. Oxenham has used him as a dummy on which to hang various colorful experiences in his own early life. Roderic Fyfe was probably not created as a character apart from the incidents in which he was to participate. Some of the chapters are nevertheless vivid and of a certain strength: the description of the Cheviot family and their extraordinary life; the newspaper banquet that proved to be a hoax; and the naïve wonder of Roderic and Mollie when, orphans and inexperienced, they first see and feel London. But there are spots where common sense is outraged, and always the novel (it is Mr. Oxenham's forty-second) suffers from a lack of continuity. It is patchwork, containing episodes of interest but no unified, steady narrative.

THE WOLF PACK. By RIDGWELL CULLUM. Lippincott. 1927. $2.

The Pack is composed of three disagreeably primitive people: Pideau, an Indian half-breed, killer, cattle rustler, bootlegger; Annette, his daughter, untamed, passionate creature of the wilds: and the Wolf, our reluctant hero, orphaned son of Canadian missionaries who have conveniently died in a railway wreck. Wolf is adopted in infancy by Pideau, and grows to stalwart young manhood worshipping Annette, but devoutly hating his criminal foster-father. A philandering policeman of the Northwest Mounted, after seducing the girl, promises her marriage if she will disclose to him the hiding-place of the still operated by Wolf and Pideau, who are smuggling cargoes of rum across the American border. The officer is killed on the premises of the still, shot in the back by Wolf's gun, and the innocent lad is brought to trial for murder. Of its kind, the story is interesting and skilfully told, though occasionally the author's diction is liable to give one the jumps.

THE FOOL. By H. C. BAILEY. Dutton. 1927. $2.50.

The prospective reader of this medieval romance had best have a rudimentary knowledge of twelfth century English history, since its major characters, but for Bran, the purely fictitious fool, are King Stephen and Queen Matilda, Thomas à Becket, Henry II and his wife, Eleanor, their sons, John and Richard Cœur de Lion. Bran, as court jester, counsellor, soothsayer, first of Stephen, and later of Henry, when the latter succeeded to the throne in 1154, plays an important part in the events of the two reigns. That turbulent period of nearly fifty years, culminating in Henry's death while fighting against his own sons and the French king, is covered in broad leaps from one salient incident to another, the whole being joined by a vivid interspersing of imaginary episodes. Not by any means a second "Ivanhoe," the book is still an exceptionally solid specimen.

WHILE THE EARTH SHOOK. By CLAUDE ANET. Bard & Co. 1927. $2.50.

The success of Claude Anet's "Ariane" this spring adds interest to the appearance of his second novel of modern Russia. "While the Earth Shook" resembles his earlier book in its presentation of a passionate romance against a highly colored Muscovite background. But this time the background has become as important as the story. M. Anet's heroine, Lydia Volynski, is the daughter of a nobleman, and nearly as perfect an example of that hypothetical being, the modern girl, as his Ariane. She observes the revolution in Petrograd with clear and unsentimental eye; she loses her beloved cousin; she falls in love with a married man whose wife has conveniently left for Finland; she lives with him through the period of the Bolshevist terror; and in the end there seems to be every prospect that she will continue to live with him happily ever after, in spite of the fact that the other lady has not been satisfactorily disposed of.

The charm of this story —and it is considerable,—lies not so much in its recital of meetings, imprisonments, and intrigues, as in its gentle cynicism. The contrast between Lydia's wholly selfish romance and the violent scenes of the revolution is not tagged with any moral by the author. One suspects that after all a good many people were scarcely more earnest about this business of Bolshevism than these lovers. After so many warnings, so much propaganda, and general waste energy, the effect is pleasant. On the whole the story is less closely knit than that of "Ariane." There is far more attention paid to the atmosphere of terror, and less to the characterization of the lovers, who remain invincibly Gallic in spite of M. Anet's preoccupation with things Russian. It is to be hoped that this preoccupation will not lead him to take the revolution seriously in his next book.

THE FLOWER OF DESIRE. By S. ANDREW WOOD. Dutton. 1927. $2.

This is a rococo romance of a type more often met with in the first decade of this century. Only the places and an occasional daring innovation in the descriptions of "High Life" prove that it does not date from before the war. It is a preposterous story, all about a lady described by the blurb writer as a "Virgin Adventuress," who plays havoc with the lives of several people because no one of them has the sense to spank her soundly. It is laid in London and Mallorca, and has a certain devilish fascination, precisely akin to that of a C. B. De Mille moving picture in the days before Mr. De Mille began to rewrite the scriptures.

ENTER A MESSENGER. By RICHARD BLAKER. Doran. 1927. $2.50.

Mr. Blaker's story of an Englishman in American business is well imagined, and provides considerable entertainment. The contrast between American and British character is, of course, superficial, but it is effectively made, and supplies the narrative with an interest it might otherwise lack. For the romantic element is not equally successful. There is no end of talk about moral triumphs, enlightenment, mutual understanding, and in general, the finer things of life. Mr. Blaker's slender fable and entertaining characters deserve less weighty treatment. As it is, they are often nearly crushed beneath the sticky masses of love talk. But if you are willing to skip the longest of these passages "Enter a Messenger" should amuse you.

(*Continued on next page*)

ANDY BRANDT'S ARK
BY EDNA BRYNER

ISABEL PATTERSON says in "The Herald Tribune" for June 26th: "To my mind 'Andy Brandt's Ark' is the most remarkable of the whole crop of this year's novels. As a study of the inextricably mingled compunctions and repulsions of blood relationship this book stands alone in American fiction. . . . she has succeeded in the primary business of the novelist, which is the creation of character." $2.50

A DUTTON BOOK

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

E. M. M., Cambridge, Mass., asks for significant modern novels with some aspect of marriage as the central theme.

ONE who reads H. G. Wells's "The World of William Clissold" (Doran), may get the gist of several of his previous novels—such as "Marriage" (Duffield)—from which its matrimonial incidents seem to have been assembled: his "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman" (Macmillan), takes another aspect of the question. Frank Swinnerton's "The Chaste Wife" (Doran), an earlier work, is a quiet and searching study well worth rereading. To this period belongs that haunting study in possession, Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage" (Doran), the three-volume diagnosis of the case of J. D. Beresford's hero, beginning with "The Early History of Jacob Stahl" (Doran), and Oliver Onions's three interwoven novels of love and crime, the Jeffreys trilogy, lately rewritten so successfully into a continuous narrative in one volume called "Whom God Hath Sundered" (Doran).

A club in Middletown, N. Y., asks for books for a year's study of Norway and Sweden.

THERE is a reading-list for this purpose in "A Reader's Guide Book," by M. L. Becker (Holt), which gives all the important books up to the time of its publication. By the way, a new volume of the "Guide Book" is coming out next season, to continue along the same lines, and I will be glad to receive advice, suggestions, or requests as I did for the first volume. I have just delivered the manuscript of a book for the teens and twenties, called "Adventures in Reading," that Stokes will bring out in September: not that this bears on this subject, but the day you deliver a book-manuscript you always feel like telling the world.

W. S. Monroe's "In Viking Land," a book of general information on history, literature, art, commerce, and life in general, is now published as "The Spell of Norway" (Page). "Sweden and Its People," by Robert McBride (McBride), is a somewhat similar survey of this country. Knut Gjerset's "History of the Norwegian People" (Macmillan) is an authoritative and comprehensive work in two volumes; G. M. Gathorne-Hardy's "Norway" is one of the excellent summaries of present-day conditions in various countries of Europe that Scribner is publishing under the general title of "The Modern World." Voltaire's "History of Charles XII" is in Everyman's Library; this indispensable institution and constant friend of poor booklovers, Everyman's, has just been celebrating a birthday: a look through its present list of books will surprise even some people who think they know what is in it.

H. H. Boyesen's "Essays on Scandinavian Literature" has gone out of print, and so has the "History of Scandinavian Literature," by Winkel Horn, but Grondahl and Ragner's "Chapters in Norwegian Literature," lectures given at University College, London, has been published by Gyldendal. Craigie's "Icelandic Sagas" (Macmillan), the poems of Verner von Heidenstam given in "Sweden's Laureate," by Charles Wharton Stork (Yale), his plays "The Birth of God" and "The Soothsayer" (Four Seas), and the eighteenth century "Comedies" of Ludvig Holberg (American Scandinavian Foundation), should be added to the Ibsen, Björnson, Strindberg, Lagerlöf, Undset, and Hamsun that will figure on the literature programs.

D. M., Brooklyn, N. Y., asks for books on folklore of various countries, to be consulted in staging entertainments at a girls' camp.

"CAUCASIAN FOLK-TALES," by Adolf Dirr (Dutton), is a remarkable collection made by a philogist, with stories as entertaining as they are valuable. "Tales of Enchantment from Spain," by Elsie S. Eells (Harcourt, Brace), and "Fairy Tales from the Swedish," by N. J. Djurklou (Stokes), are rich in material for this purpose, and so is Post Wheeler's "Russian Wonder Tales" (Century). The latest collection of Russian tales is the magnificently illustrated "Skazki" (Doran), told by Ida Zeitlin; several of these legends have been used in opera librettos. This book is brilliant and beautiful from any point of view. Asbjornsen's "East of the Sun and West of the Moon" (Doran), is a group of Norse tales marvellously illustrated by Kay Nielsen. Thirty heroic legends of Ireland are retold in "The Boys' Cuchulain" (Crowell).

There is a new book on amateur costuming that should be in every little theatre library, and would not be out of place in a camp's collection. This is "Stage Costuming," by Agnes Brooks Young (Macmillan). The author is costume director of the Cleveland Playhouse and the directions are not only practical but given in an unusually spirited fashion; the book even has a chapter on the making and use of masks. Another recent book that will be valuable to amateurs as well as to professionals is "The Art of Pantomime," by Charles Aubert (Holt). It has been a standard work, one might say a classic, in French for years, and this translation fills a gap in our theatrical libraries. There are many clearly drawn illustrations.

M. P. E., Louisville, Ky., asks for novels concerned with librarians and library life.

THIS inquirer blockades my reply by adding that he knows the heroine of Margaret Widdemer's "Rose-Garden Husband," and the colored librarian in Carl Van Vechten's "Nigger Heaven;" this is two-thirds of all these books I know, the other being "The Late Mattia Pascal," by Luigi Pirandello (Dutton). This is the story—famous long before Pirandello was known as a dramatist—in which a man takes advantage of his mistaken identification as a drowned man to give up his identity and begin over in another city—where he met with even more trying circumstances. The novel has been made into an unusually interesting moving-picture. By a sardonic Pirandellism, after he has quite lost his political and social existence, he ends his days as town librarian, a man of books, a shadow among shadows.

When I fish about in my memory for a librarian-heroine, she usually turns out to have been in a book-shop. Such is the lady in Florence Converse's "Into the Void" (Little, Brown), an amusing mystery story, but as this was a college bookshop it had no doubt a lending-library somewhere about the premises. Surely there should be someone to give the humors and sadnesses, the eccentricities and exaltations of the librarian's life something the same interpretation that Myra Kelly gave to public school teaching in a great city.

A. T. N., New York, has been for some years in correspondence with a French family in which the daughter is now twelve years old and studying English. He has promised to send her some books in this language, but is at a loss because though twelve in years she is "only about seven or eight in English." Her teacher is an Australian.

THE language of cats being much the same the world over, and the language of Neely McCoy's "Story of the Good Cat Jupie" (Macmillan) being good enough for me as well as clear enough for a small reader, I suggest this delightful tale as one on the list. From what I hear from France, Louisa Alcott is as popular there with little girls who can read English as she is here; "Little Women" and "Old-Fashioned Girl" are both in the "Beacon Hill Book Shelf (Little, Brown), with charming colored pictures in the fashion of their times, so she won't take them to be present-day accounts. If a French heroine would be an advantage, there is a pleasant story called "Jeanne," by Alice Ross Colver (Penn), in which a French girl after various trials becomes part of an American family: before anyone writes to protest that this is a "series" book, I explain that I recommend it because it so pleased an intelligent girl of my acquaintance—speaking both languages—that she read all three of the following stories, to "Jeanne at Rainbow Lodge." Marguerite Clements's "Once in France" (Doubleday, Page), has the advantage of being on familiar subjects, and the pictures are beautiful; this book is really hands-across-the-sea and there are not many of these for young readers. I have just been reading a new volume of Macmillan's "Children Classics" with such comfort that I must put it in: the stories in "Captain Boldheart" are assembled from those groups of tales with which Charles Dickens used to brighten the Christmas numbers of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round.* I don't know where I read the tender little tale with which it opens, in which a group of little children decide to wait until they are ninety before they again attempt to "pretend" all the romantic adventures at which grown people unfeelingly laugh, and agree meantime to "pretend" to be little children: this is not in my volume of "Christmas Stories" in the Biographical Edition, but is somehow familiar, as is, of course, "The Magic Fishbone," but I never saw the delightful one in which a little girl antedates M. Maurois's little daughter's "Mape" with a magic country in which children decide matters for grown-ups. The pictures are exactly right for the spirit of the piece.

A. E. B., Lakewood, N. J., asks for books of interest to two travelers who will spend five or six weeks in Greece and three in Constantinople, and if there are other novels than John Buchan's "The Dancing Floor" whose scene is laid in Greece.

BEGINNING with the Baedeker "Greece" (Scribner), there is an excellent general survey of the country and people in L. M. J. Garnett's "Greece of the Hellenes" (Scribner), and for the Grecian archipelago a guide and descriptive travel-book by Philip Marden, "Greece and the Ægean Island (Houghton Mifflin). For the archipelago, however, the most luxurious travel record is Anthony Dell's "Isles of Greece" (Stokes), a combination of history, description, and unusually beautiful large pictures, including flowers. "Athens, the Violet-Crowned," by Lilian Whiting (Little, Brown), describes architecture and sculpture, and a little book for the pocket, "The Hill of Athens," by H. H. Powers (Macmillan), sketches the history of Greece by a series of views from the Acropolis at various times in the city's life.

The most important book involving Greece that has come from an American press in a long time is Susan Glaspell's biography of George Cram Cook, "The Road to the Temple" (Stokes). The chapters on Greece are enough to impel anyone to go there; from every point of view it is a book to be treasured, however exasperating one may sometimes find it. Another book about a visitor is "Byron: the Last Journey," by Harold Nicolson (Houghton Mifflin), the record of his part in the struggle for freedom, incisively told. "East and West of the Hellespont," by Z. D. Ferriman (Houghton Mifflin), is the leisurely remembrances of fifty years by a man who knows the country not only as traveller but as antiquarian.

"Modern Greek Stories" (Duffield), translated and with an introduction by Demetra Vaka, are well chosen to give a foreigner not only some idea of what is being done there in fiction, but of some of the strange wild customs of the soil. Julia Dragoumis's "Tales of a Greek Island" (Houghton Mifflin) is another authentic source of information; her "Man of Athens" (Houghton Mifflin) is out of print. If ancient Greece is included in the scene, there are a good many novels, some of the later ones being C. W. Harris's "Persephone of Eleusis," Caroline Snedeker's "The Perilous Seat" (Doubleday, Page), W. S. Davis's "A Victor of Salamis" (Macmillan), and Naomi Mitchison's "Cloud Cuckoo Land" (Harcourt, Brace). V. Sackville-West's powerful novel "Challenge" (Doran) takes place in an imaginary country—on an island—that if not exactly Greek is certainly Greekish: this story must have been powerful to make me remember it at least four years.

For the second part of the list there is one of the most valuable travel-guides and reading-journeys of recent years, George Young's "Constantinople" (Doran). This combines history, legends, and Turkish politics up to the present time. The tiny "Things Seen in Constantinople," by A. M. Goodrich-Freer (Dutton), is as useful and well illustrated as the rest of this excellent series. One who is interested in the work of the Constantinople Women's College will be glad to know of Hester D. Jenkins's story of the work of Mary Mills Patrick in "An Educational Ambassador to the Near East" (Revell). There are travel pictures of Constantinople in Princess M. L. Bibesco's "The Eight Paradises" (Dutton), and studies of the changed status of women in Demetra Vaka's two books several years apart, "Haremlik," under the old régime, and "The Unveiled Ladies of Stamboul" (Houghton Mifflin) under the new.

What is perhaps the most comprehensive study of Bolshevist Russia to be published outside of Russia itself is the large and lavishly illustrated volume entitled "Geist und Gesicht des Bolschewismus" (Vienna: Amalthea Verlag), by Rene Fülöp-Miller. The book presents a panoramic survey of political, social, economic, philosophical, and educational conditions in Russia, based on first-hand observations and a wide acquaintance with the literature of the subject.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Travel

BRITTANY AND THE LOIRE. By CAPTAIN LESLIE RICHARDSON. Dodd, Mead. 1927. $4.

The author of "Motor Cruising in France" tells how he explored Brittany in 1925 with the *Sylvabelle II* (an auxiliary ketch). The yacht went up the canal from Nantes to Brest. A chauffeur and car followed by road, to allow shore-going excursions. There were a number of unexciting adventures. The absence of an adequate map makes them difficult to follow, and the omission of an index makes them troublesome to find.

(*Continued on next page*)

Two Challenges to Men!

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The Saturday Review of Literature

26 WEST 45th ST., NEW YORK CITY

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The Phoenix Nest

WE hear great things of *Conrad Aiken's* coming novel, "Blue Voyage," which reminds us that *Louis Untermeyer* has said of him that:

> With a fresh point of departure and a genuine adjustment to the world of reality, Aiken may find a larger power and a wider audience. And, whether the medium be prose or verse, his sensitivity need not be lost; it may well add new values to the roaring diapason of our day.

The medium now seems to be prose, and Louis's prophecy seems to be coming true. Meanwhile Aiken is at South Dennis, Massachusetts, and will be when his book appears through Scribner's on July 22nd. All he says is, "I'm deeply buried here in the middle of Cape Cod. And it's nice to hear a silence again." . . .

If you can write a Spirit of St. Louis poem before July 25th, you had better hustle up and do it! You may get a prize for it. Maybe we'll try one, for we certainly could use five hundred dollars, which is the first prize. But we know who will win it: *Daniel C. Henderson*, indefatigable poet, editor, prize-winner, and now novelist, as he came in the other day, beaming in his usual mild fashion, to remark that he had just had a novel accepted by Stokes, inasmuch as it had been an honorable mention in the Stokes *Forum* Contest. We never knew Dan to enter a competition that he didn't rate if not at the top pretty darn near it. . . .

But about this Lindbergh-Spirit of St. Louis business. Anyone can compete. The first prize will be five hundred dollars with two additional prizes of two hundred and fifty dollars each. Contributions may be from fourteen to three hundred lines in length. Only those that have not previously been published are eligible. The judges will be *Christopher Morley*, *John Farrar*, and *Mitchell Kennerley*. One hundred of the poems submitted will be selected for publication in book form by the George H. Doran Company. See another page of this issue for further particulars. . . .

The death of *Keith Preston*, literary editor of the *Chicago Daily News*, removes the wittiest literary columnist in the United States. We all read him avidly here in the East and we all could learn from him. He was only forty-two when he died. There seems to be no one left in Chicago who can exactly take his place. . . .

"In 1924," says the Oxford University Press American Branch, "*George Leigh-Mallory* was one of the party who tried to rush the last few hundred feet of Mount Everest. They were last seen 800 feet from the summit and have never been heard of since." That seems to us like a remarkably short distance in which to have failed, less than three hundred yards; but then we know nothing about Mount Everest. Anyway, the *Oxford Press*, American Branch, is publishing an account of the life of George Leigh-Mallory, written by *David Pye*, who knew Leigh-Mallory intimately. . . .

Says Appleton, "With the coming of summer and the inevitable skin troubles of sunburn, freckles, ivy poisoning and what not, *Dr. Strickler's* new book 'The Skin—Its Care and Treatment,' is sure to prove of great use to many." That's what we call a good timely ad, in the old Kora-Konia spirit of "Do you chafe?" . . .

The same firm, by the way, is extremely versatile. For they are also bringing out a new book of poems by *Katherine Tynan*, "Twilight Songs." But we've got to pick on somebody, so why do they call it a "new book of verse"? Miss Tynan doesn't write *verse*. She writes poetry. Sometimes she writes darn good poetry. The quality of her poetry is *not*, as her publishers say, "shown by the fact that many of the poems have been published in English magazines such as the *Spectator*, the *Athenæum*, etc." We have seen some of the worst poetry we have *ever* seen in English magazines, and in the *Spectator* and the dear old *Athenæum* we have read some of the dullest. The quality of Miss Tynan's poetry is shown by the fact that some of it is, as we have just said, darn good, which the late *Francis Thompson* was one to recognize. . . .

The Red Book sends us itself regularly. Finally we will mention this from *Sam Hellman's* story about the humors of Hollywood, in the August number. "What's an epic?" inquires his Hollywood hero. "An epic," explains Cole, "is any picture more than six reels long that uses a hundred extras." . . .

The first appearance on any stage, as you may or may not know, of a play by *Eugene O'Neill*, was in the Provincetown Playhouse built of an old boat-house on the wharf at Provincetown, Cape Cod. Other playwrights introduced to the American theatre at large by the Provincetown Players have been *Susan Glaspell*, *Edna St. Vincent Millay*, *Floyd Dell*, *George Cram Cooke*, and now *Paul Green*, the Pulitzer Prize winner. So we are glad to report that the Provincetown Players are, after all, to continue to hold sway in MacDougal Street. "Jig" Cooke was their founder, and if you haven't yet read Susan Glaspell's book about him, "The Road to the Temple," why, hurry up and get it from Stokes. . . .

"Doctor Dolittle," *alias Hugh Lofting*, is, with his family, enjoying the summer in Hamburgh Cove, Lyme, Connecticut. They have a new motor-boat and a new fox-terrier, named "Swizzle" after the clown dog in "Doctor Dolittle's Circus." "Swizzle" recently got in a jam chasing a neighboring farmer's lamb (we just can't help being tuneful!) so Mr. Lofting bought him a real, live lamb of his own. . . .

They are now friends. . . .

Ben Hecht discovered *Nat J. Ferber*. Wa-a-it a minute! His name *is* Nat J. Ferber. He is not trying to trade on the reputation of the famous *Edna Ferber*. He is, so far as we know, no relation. For twenty-two years he has been a crusading journalist in the cause of social justice. His wife is the "*Sweet Marie*" *Ganz*, who led the food and unemployment riots in New York in 1914 and 1917. He grew up on the lower East Side and he has written a romance called "Sidewalks of New York." Pascal Covici in Chicago is bringing it out on August 18th. . . .

Meanwhile Cap'n *Felix Riesenberg's* novel, "East Side, West Side," is being made into a movie that promises to be a whale. And how the Cap'n is enjoying it. He even took a small part in one scene. Well, we contemplate writing one called "All Around the Town," to be followed by "Annie Rooney," "London Bridge," "Boys and Girls Together," and "Me and Mamie O'Rourke." What do you call a series of five novels—a Quincology? . . .

Just a moment! Who, please, is *Constance Sitwell*. We thought we had met all the Sitwells. We like the title of her fall book through Harcourt, "Flowers and Elephants." We like Elephants. It is a description of travels in India and she is *Mrs.* Sitwell. Then, too, there is *Professor Edith J. Morley*, who brings out through the Oxford University Press the "Correspondence of *Henry Crabbe Robinson* with the Wordsworth Circle." What relation is she to *Christopher Morley*, or to *Frank Vigor Morley* of the well-chosen middle name, or to *Felix Morley*? . . .

But we know who *Ella Young* is, for we met her once at the *Padraic Colums*. We can't yet understand how a lady who obviously lives with Deirdre and Cuchullain and Fionn in a palace of cloud could have taken honors in political economy, history, and jurisprudence at a University. But such a marvelous creature is Ella Young. In her youth Ella Young did not know that Ireland had the great heroes; for in County Antrim she encountered no teachers who could tell her of them, says Jane Verne Terrill in "The Horn Book" published by the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston. They told her of Tell and Wallace and Robert the Bruce, rather than of Dagda Mor, the World Maker, or of the little Sun God, Lugh. But Ella Young was wise.

"She went to the out-reaches of Ireland. She learned to speak Celtic. She made the life of the Irish peasantry her own." So go you,—and this is the second time we have published this injunction,—and buy "The Wonder-Smith and His Son" from Longmans, Green & Co. Give it to your children and they will fare better in their childhood than did Ella Young, and beside making the acquaintance of heroes will, through her style, make the acquaintance of one of the remarkable women of this century. . . .

If we haven't recommended to you *Don Marquis's* "The Almost Perfect State" (Doubleday), it is because we thought an hundred would. If you never used to read Don Marquis in his old colyumist days because you were too far out of New York to subscribe to the paper he was in, why then "The Almost Perfect State" will come as a glorious surprise to you. . . .

From Possum Poke in Possum Lane, Georgia, came a darn kind letter early in May, relaying certain news. Now belatedly we note that *James B. Hendryx* "will be sent this summer by his publishers to Hudson Bay. A squad of his own mounted police will go along." Also the writer, *Chase S. Osborn*, tells us we're wrong about sonnets, as the first definition of a sonnet was a little poem (we know, but it isn't now). Then rhymes were "inbred" as he says. "This led to Ra, the sungod, writing a college yell and sonnets went out with the sun. The thing can be made clear by consulting a Greek restaurant or a Syrian rug dealer." . . .

Sic semper tyrannis!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Brief Mention

ANOTHER shelf of poetry confronts us. Best of the small volumes is "Sonnets," by *Amory Hare*. (Macmillan. $1.25.) While of no great distinction, these sonnets are nicely turned. The initial ones embody the somewhat playful and fantastic image of human beings like small mice escaping from the large black cat, Death. The later ones achieve more power, though lacking lines so original. Sonnet 19 seems to us one of Miss Hare's best.

I have walked forward eagerly today,
Each moment met my wits as foil meets foil
With lordly thrust and courteous counter-play,
And quiet humor after each recoil;
Hour after hour came toward me as a sword
Whose point my own blade found and turned aside,
Leaving my faculties in smooth accord
And courage running through me like a tide.
Then, as the sun left and the silence came,
The stillness in my room confronted me
Like a last swordsman in a kingly game
Before whose skill my blade broke, suddenly;
And all the hours until our hands should meet
Surrounded me like ruffians in the street.

"That You Come After," is by a new poet, *Mary Siegrist*, and the book is introduced by Nathalia Crane and Edwin Markham, fledging and veteran. It is published by Harold Vinal, 562 Fifth Avenue. The poetry is flexible and mystical. The lyrical impulse is here, though no one lyrical utterance makes a profound impression. An interest in world events and public affairs is displayed. The poet also deals with elemental things, with a sensitive spirit, but with no great power over language. *Katharine Lee Bates's* "The Pilgrim Ship" (New York: The Woman's Press) is the work of a most accomplished technician; it deals chiefly with travels in the Holy Land and Egypt and with the life of Christ. In "Into the Desert" and "The Home-coming," Miss Bates creates rather impressive pictures. Her work has color and movement. Like Miss Siegrist's work, it is all deeply serious, but richly colored where Miss Siegrist's is misty. A good example of Miss Bates's best seems to us this verse, from "By the Sea of Galilee":

Where are Chorazin's walls
And her columned synagogue
Of Corinthian capitals?
Scattered about the bog
Fragments of carven blocks
Are trampled by wild hog
And meagre, muzzled ox.
Bethsaida? A waste
Of black basaltic rocks
Dishonored and defaced.
And thou, O deaf and dumb
When Christ thy fair streets graced,
What utter woe is come
On thee, Capernaum!

Next come three collections, "The Riverside Book of Verse," edited by *Robert M. Gay*, "The Bookman Anthology of Verse" (Second Series), and "Canadian Poets," edited by *John W. Garvin*. "The Riverside Book" (Houghton Mifflin. $3) has had in mind as readers "young men and women of from eighteen to twenty-two years of age" though the contents chosen is not particularly juvenile, "my conviction being," says the editor, "that youth is quite as capable as age of appreciating the best." Many types of poetry are included beside lyrics. The inclusions are divided into period sections. "Some Notes on Poetry" introduces the whole. This is an interesting sketch for the average reader, and it makes good use of John Drinkwater's analysis of poetry as "the exact and vivid definition of emotion in words." The "power of image, trope, and symbol" are illustrated by thirty chosen passages. Sound reason is exercised in the discussion of the ingredients of true poetry and the contention that the integrated beauty of any great poem is really beyond analysis. That the whole is equal to the sum of its parts is certainly not the whole truth poetically considered. When one comes to examine carefully the compilation, covering a period from the year 1250 to 1925, one cannot cavil greatly with the choices. A large measure of distinguished verse is here from all periods; there is some tang of originality of choice; and the whole is in a little book that slips easily into the pocket. Of course there are many old favorites and the modern poets are plucked rather haphazardly. But as a whole the small volume has a certain freshness. "The Bookman Anthology" (Doran. $2) is a selection of poetry contributed to the *Bookman*. Forty modern poets are represented and the book is dedicated to the late *Amy Lowell*. *John Farrar*, the editor, thinks that we are now "enjoying the summer solstice of American poetry." "The temper of the literary circle of the moment is against poetry." But his remark, that "No 'Book of the Month' Society has yet chosen a book of poems for its monthly diet recommendation. It is probable that no such society would dare so to do" happens to come at the precise time when "Tristram" by *Edwin Arlington Robinson* has been sent out to their subscribers by The Literary Guild of America. Mr. Farrar concludes by saying, however, that "American poetry has gained in scope and solidity, even while the critics are neglectful," the latter phenomenon having not greatly impressed itself upon us. The contents of the book is not extraordinary. *Amy Lowell*, *Hervey Allen*, *Sterling*, *Miss Reese*, *Joseph Auslander*, *Leonora Speyer*, *Robert Roe*, *Nathalia Crane*, *Robinson*, *Genevieve Taggard* and *Marguerite Wilkinson* are among the best poets represented. Of the Canadian poets in "Canadian Poets" (McClelland & Stewart [Dodd, Mead] $5) *Bliss Carman*, the various members of the *Roberts* family, *Robert Service*, *Arthur Stringer*, *Gilbert Parker*, *Ethelwyn Wetherald*, *Marjorie L. C. Pickthall*, and *John McCrae* are familiar to American readers. These, with *William Henry Drummond*, the poet of the habitant, with *Florence Livesay*, *Constance Lindsay Skinner*, *Beatrice Redpath*, *Duncan Campbell Scott*, *Alan Sullivan*, *Father Dollard*, and others, crowd a large book illustrated by photographs of the authors. Many of the Canadian poets write at too great length with too stereotyped phrase. Poems like Carman's "Spring-Song," Drummond's "Wreck of the 'Julie Plante,'" Marjorie Pickthall's "Lamp of Poor Souls," Scott's "At the Cedars," McCrae's "In Flanders Fields," Theodore Goodridge Robert's "The Maid," Arthur Stringer's Irish poems, and Gilbert Parker's "The Red Patrol" stand out from a mass of essentially uninspired work. From which volume we progress to an equally large one, and Canadian, "The Poems of *Duncan Campbell Scott*" (McClelland & Stewart [Dodd, Mead] $4). Scott is Deputy Superintendent General of Indian Affairs at Ottawa. He was born in Ottawa in 1862. His first volume of verse, "The Magic House and Other Poems," was published in 1893. He has a great knowledge of music and was for some years president of the Ottawa Symphony Orchestra. He is at present president of the Ottawa Drama League. As a poet Mr. Scott has distinction. He describes beautifully.

His sonnet on March, the weirdness of "Avis" and "The Forgers," such things are good, and his observation of nature is all through his work, there is a fragrance of balsam and pine about it. "Poems" by *Stanley Burnshaw* consists of a mere handful of verses compared to Scott's tome. This is an artistic pamphlet published by the Folio Press, of Pittsburgh. There are beautiful lines here and a sensitive touch upon the strings. "Days" is a moving statement. "We Know Better," by *James Aswell*, comes from Gordon Lewis, the publisher, at Charlottesville, Virginia. The cover and frontispiece are woodcuts by Don Millar. There is much more to this parchment-bound and beautifully printed thin book. There is the bitterness of sensitive youth in it, the tang of a still young sophistication. Such things as "Wise Husband," "Farewell, Gently Spoken," "The Last Class," the melodrama of Maizie, are all interesting, even the "Technical Hint to Young Ladies," which is frankly outrageous. Mr. Aswell has a good deal of talent, and one speculates as to what he may do later.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

"THE COLLECTOR'S BEST BET"

THE eighth and concluding article, in the series on rare books and book collecting, contributed to *The Saturday Evening Post* by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, appeared in the issue of July 2nd. Little, Brown & Company, of Boston, announces that these articles, and others still unpublished, will appear in a volume in the Fall bearing the title, "Books and Bidders." In this last article, rich in anecdote and good advice, Dr. Rosenbach pays his respects to rare Americana as a field for the collector. He says:

"So many books and documents on which history is based have been absorbed by public libraries and historical societies that the available source material has dwindled. In the old days, when James Lenox, Doctor Brinley, old Menzies, John Carter Brown, Brayton Ives, Henry C. Murphy, James Carson Brevoort, and countless others were enslaved by an inordinate passion for books, they did not have to go far afield to find the things that delighted their souls. The most precious relics were to be found almost at their door-steps. If they were in Philadelphia, it was to the bookstalls along Second Street they went; in New York, to the drowsy old shops along lower Broadway. . . . Indeed, those were the days when you could pick up Smith's "History of Virginia" for $50, almost as easily as you can secure today the latest novel of a popular writer.

"But, budding collectors, do not despair. Who knows but there are nuggets this very minute, at your hand? Hidden only because you do not realize their potential value! Things which are considered valueless today may soar high in favor in the near future. You know that our grandfathers—not to mention their sisters and their cousins and their aunts—could have bought the autograph letters of such historical figures as Lincoln, Grant, Lee, and Jeff Davis for a few dollars during the years that immediately followed the Civil War. And it was not until twenty years later that collectors began to gather together everything that they could find concerning Lincoln, for it was not until then that he became a figure permanently great in the thought of the people. His merest pen scratch took on a definite value, which has increased steadily since then.

"The World War has now been over for nearly nine years. Mementoes of the conflict which are today tolerated merely for their sentimental value will be highly esteemed twenty years from now. They will be coveted objects not only in the eyes of the collector but to the perhaps more discerning ones of the historian as well.

"The demand for things American is not a passing fancy. It will increase in the same way as a stone gather moss. The prices now paid for early American furniture, pottery, glass, pictures are but an indication of a movement yet in its infancy. Even collectors in England, such as that eminent enthusiast, Sir R. Leicester Harmsworth, Bart., are gathering objects of interest relating to this country. It is only meet and proper that Americans themselves should tenderly cherish the primal, honest, unpretentious things to which this country owes its greatness."

MADAME DE SEVIGNE'S LETTERS

MADAME DE SEVIGNE was one of a very few authors whose fame was entirely posthumous. Louis XIV, who became possessed of a number of her letters was among the first to point out that their style was matchless in grace of thought and expression. Her letters were full of domestic and public news, the details of daily life, the books the writer had read, the people she had met, and what was said, thought, and suspected in the world of Paris. Unauthorized editions of a portion of the letters of Madame de Sevigné were publised in 1726; but so incomplete and full of errors were the collections, that her granddaughter, Madame de Simiane, was forced very reluctantly to consent to the the issuing of the correspondence in a more correct form and under her own supervision. Even this last named collection was not complete; and diligent research has subsequently increased the number of letters, and given rise to numerous editions of the entire correspondence. The translations in English have been criticized as both inaccurate and incomplete. The tri-centenary of the birth of Madame de Sevigné was celebrated last Spring in Paris and it was pointed out that among her contemporaries were Colbert, Turenne, La Rochefoucauld, La Fontaine, Moliere, Racine, Corneille, Bossuet, Cardinals Mazarin and De Retz, Mesdames de Maintenon, de Montespan, de La Valliere, and the brilliant galaxy of wits that frequented the home of Madame de Rambouillet. An acquaintance with all these celebrated people was Madame de Sevigné's by right of birth, intelligence, and fortune. At last we are to have an edition in English with a more accurate text and far more complete than any that has preceded it. J. P. Horn & Co., of Philadelphia, announces the publication of the finest and most inclusive edition ever published, carefully re-edited and revised. It will be complete in seven volumes, illustrated, printed from twelve point Scotch face type on special water-marked all-rag paper, and limited to 1,550 sets for England and America. A. Edward Newton has written an introduction and he pays an eloquent tribute to these immortal letters and their writer.

DRAMATIC COLLECTION SOLD

THE famous dramatic collection brought together by the late Harry Houdini, magician, has just been sold by his widow to Messmore Kendall, vice-president of the George H. Doran Company, publishers, and president of the Moredell Company, owners and operators of the Capitol Theater. It is said that this collection contains 40,000 play bills, including old programs of Drury Lane and Covent Garden in London, and the old Park Theater of this city. Among the latter is a program for the production of Hamlet in 1802. It is also rich in autographic material, containing more than one thousand letters of famous men and women identified with the stage. Probably the most important single item among this autographic material is the seven years' diary of David Garrick. Here, also, is the correspondence of Cagliostro, written during his confinement in the Bastile. Independent of the play bills and autograph letters there are several thousand items comprising books and relics. Large estimates have been placed upon the valuation of this collection but it is doubtful if any appraiser has been able to go through it with great care.

COLLECTED SET OF CABELL

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & CO., of this city, announce the forthcoming publication of a new limited edition of the writings of James Branch Cabell, to be called the Storisende Edition, designed by and bound under the personal supervision of William Dana Orcutt at the Plimpton Press, Norwood, Mass. Each volume will be signed by Mr. Cabell and will contain a special preface and complete textual revisions. The set will contain 19 volumes and will be limited to 1,500 copies. The first three volumes will be published this Fall; three more will appear next Spring, and the remaining volumes will appear at intervals until the set is completed. Of the titles included, sixteen have already appeared in regular editions, a seventeenth is nearing completion, and two are in the process of construction.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Brief Mention

Leolyn Louise Everett has already given us two volumes of poems, "Fauns at Prayer" and "The Hills of Arcetri." Now her "By-ways to Crossroads" (Brentano's. $1.50) is before us. These are poems of love and despair, illness and death, and a few more objective ones that are better. There is too much of a poetic wail in these verses and too little that is strikingly original, though there is mellifluous cadence and ejaculatory sentiment. "Penelope and Other Poems" by *Sister M. Madeleva* (Appleton. $1.25) bears the Nihil Obstat of the Catholic censor of books and the Imprimatur of Cardinal Hayes. This member of the Congregation of the Holy Cross writes poetry of a fine lyric intensity, of fresh charm, of poignant implication. She takes rank with the best contemporary Catholic poets and possesses a finished technique that many poets may well envy. Her lyric voice is spontaneous, her feeling for phrase and epithet sure. "The Son of Man, and Other Poems and Essays" (Doran. $1.50), by *Father John Bernard Kelly*, is another Catholic volume. Father Kelly is evidently a man who attracts warm friendships, for on the jacket of his book both Irvin Cobb and Kathleen Norris praise his poetry highly. We cannot praise it as poetry. It is straightforward devotional Catholic verse and that is all. His prose is interesting in his praise of *Joyce Kilmer*, and for its frank quality. He is evidently a lovable personality strong in his particular faith. "Songs in the Sun" by *Caroline Hazard* (Houghton Mifflin. $2.25) are pleasant poems mostly about flowers. *Frank L. Stanton's* "Just From Georgia" is a posthumous collection of the work of the well-known and much-beloved Southern poet whose chief claim to fame is that he wrote "Sweetes' Li'l' Feller." "Sarge—Don't you Remember" by *Charles Keen Taylor* (The Academy Press, Orange, N. J.) are colloquial reminiscences of the Great War in verse. They would be popular with any "outfit" to be read around a campfire.

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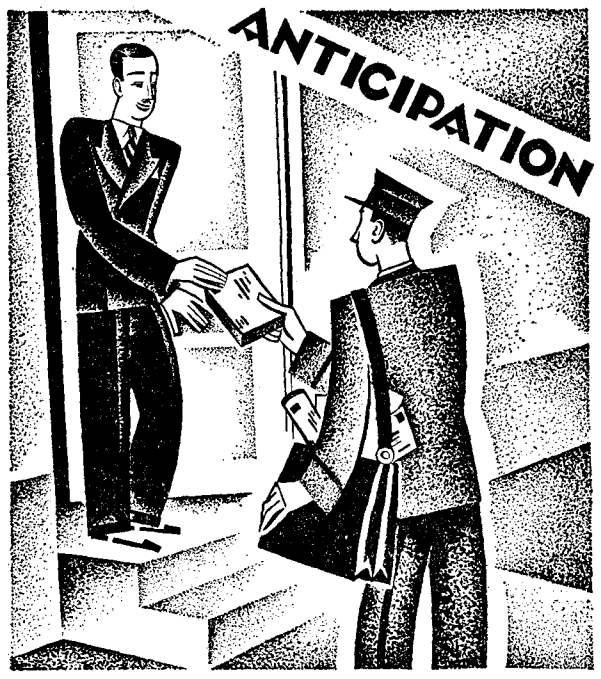

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